

OCT 16 1933



THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts
and Public Affairs*

Friday, October 20, 1933

THE NRA AND THE CONSTITUTION

John A. Ryan

SPAIN'S RELIGIOUS STRUGGLE

Lawrence A. Fernsworth

RETHINKING EDUCATION

An Editorial

*Other articles and reviews by Gerald F. Lahey, Charles Morrow Wilson,
E. Allison Peers, Arpad Steiner, Frank C. Hanighen,
Kilian J. Hennrich and Patrick J. Healy*

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Volume XVIII Friday, October 20, 1933 Number 25

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Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
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Executive offices, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: \$5.00; Foreign: \$6.00; Canada: \$5.50. Single copies: \$.10.

OUR DOUBLE TASK

THE GREAT success of the recent National Conference of Catholic Charities, coinciding with the centennial celebration of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, cannot fail to aid in many vital respects the whole movement of Catholic Action. It was a notable demonstration of the value of Catholic organization, not merely for Catholics, but for the whole nation as well; and that demonstration was so widely and favorably recognized by the general public, that the stimulus of such public appreciation is bound to affect favorably the vast and complex relations of the Church with society. Certainly, if the case were otherwise—if Catholic organizations were considered to be merely sectarian instruments of an isolated and special interest, as to a large degree they were so regarded in the past, in this country—Catholics would still carry on their work. Or if that work were regarded even with hostility, as is the case in certain other countries, still it would be a duty to carry it on. It is not for the sake of public or private praise, or publicity for its own sake, or even for just recognition, that Christians organize to carry on the work of Christ. Yet, normally,

that work can and does flourish more vigorously in what may be called a climate, or atmosphere, of public recognition and appreciation of its value to the people as a whole.

It is often said that persecution is a good thing for the Church. No doubt it is, in such times or places as the children of the Church have themselves become slack, indifferent or faithless. Then the bracing effects of opposition are needed. But surely it may be said that the Church in the United States is far indeed from being hampered by really serious indifference or slackness among its human elements. On the contrary, it is alert and vigorous. Its greatest champions, however, would be the last to claim that it is as vigorous and as active as it should be. There are still large numbers of Catholics who remain content with a sort of purely personal attachment to the Church. They are unawakened to its corporate activities. They hold aloof from those organizations and activities which express the collective force of Christian principles. Thus it is that every meeting today of a Catholic organization has a double function to perform. First of all, quite naturally and properly, it must

promote its own special task, whatever that may happen to be; secondly, it must try to coöperate with other groups, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, in all efforts meant for the common good.

Such groups of Catholics are meeting in many places throughout the country, and all of them are dealing with this double duty. The two great divisions of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the men's conference, and the women's conference, are holding their annual meetings. So too is the Catholic Rural Life Conference. The two former organizations comprise, or seek to comprise, a real, vital coördination and coöperation among the vast complex of parish and diocesan and national organizations, not that they may be all centralized and dominated in a bureaucratic sense, or to the loss of local initiative, or that their devotion to local and special needs of Catholic Action shall be lessened or circumscribed, but rather that they shall be inspired and strengthened by a common consciousness of their unity, on a national and also an international scale.

Nothing is more necessary today. The rapidly increasing powers of selfish nationalism and of organized paganism must be met by an answering power of unified Christianity. It may perhaps be urged in objection to such general statements, that they mainly serve to distract attention from immediate and practical tasks now confronting us at home. But a realization, even if only a general one, of the magnitude of the field of Catholic Action will not diminish the supply of energy which it is essential to apply to our practical problems. On the contrary, large views, high ideals, are inspirations to Catholic Action. For Catholics to know, and also to feel, that they are living parts of a vast, world-wide movement, a modern crusade, a universal activity, which aids them, as they aid it, even as they go about the humblest and most humdrum of their personal and corporate duties, will increase their usefulness to themselves, their neighbors, their nation, and humanity itself.

It is most probable that Russia will soon be officially recognized by the United States. What are considered to be adequate economic and political reasons will outweigh objections. The first modern state to be based upon organized and militant atheism will thus have won what it has long struggled to attain. The increase of its prestige will be enormous. Even if Russia strictly observed, after its recognition, the most binding pledge to refrain from direct propaganda in this country, its influence will be vastly strengthened. Despite its concordat with the Vatican, the Nazi government rapidly becomes more and more pagan. Its total suppression of the liberty of the press is followed by measures providing for the sterilization of the so-called "unfit," for the legalized murder of incurables, and for the denial of public charity to certain classes of the sick. Spain

and Mexico continue their warfare against the Catholic Church. All these events, and many others that might be catalogued, are accompanied by movements within other countries which are sympathetic with the developments of the organized paganism of Russia and Germany, and the assaults upon the Faith in Spain and Mexico. The values which the Catholic religion has struggled to preserve for mankind—personal liberty, the rights of the individual and of the family, the spiritual treasures of charity and justice—are threatened by this invasion of modern paganism.

It may be that the central and decisive battle will be fought in America. If religion and democracy prove equal to the enormous task they now confront in this land, the influence of their victory will spread throughout the world. American Catholic Action faces the opportunity for heroic efforts. Our bishops are well aware of their mission as leaders of this greatest of all crusades. We, the laity, must not fail to follow them.

WEEK BY WEEK

WHILE familiar national rivals parried with various feints and surprises calculated to be smart moves at the World Disarmament Conference, we were heartened into hoping some good might come of it all by the report of Arthur Henderson, president of the general commission, to the bureau, or steering committee, of the conference. It might be said parenthetically that the involvements of organization and procedure at Geneva are no child's play. Mr. Henderson has been traveling about Europe since the bureau adjourned on June 29, visiting various European countries and talking confidentially with various "big men," somewhat in the fashion of our own unofficial ambassador, Mr. Davis, or in the tradition of Colonel House. It would be assumptive to say that these gentlemen believe that the business of the world is decided in smoke-filled salons over the after-dinner coffee and liqueurs by a few determined men, but no doubt it would be all right to opine that they suspect something of the sort. In any case, Mr. Henderson has been around and when things at the conference were darkest and there were threats of its breaking up and rumors of war, not only was he largely instrumental in having the whole thing continued but also produced a really comprehensive schedule of what the conference had worked out and still might do. Everyone who has at some time labored in a conference, even of the most modest parochial sort, is aware that there come awful moments when it seems that everything the conference has done is explosive, centrifugal, resolving things that had been reasonably solid into component atoms and sending these

flying in every direction. Some individuals even suffer from these occasions what might be described as "conference-shock" and emerge hollow-eyed, trembling, furtive and talking a strange gibberish which astonishes their loved ones.

WHERE genius, or supernatural grace, triumphs over such a crisis, some strong man with what seems uncanny ease gathers the very conflicts into a total, cohesive, dynamic plan. It is too early yet to tell whether Mr. Henderson has done this, but it seems from our own observation of the apparently irresolvable conflicts of the Disarmament Conference that he has. He divides his schedule into two categories, one of points easy to solve and the other of the difficult. In the first he posits: (1) universalize the pledge not to resort to force; (2) define an aggressor; (3) standardize European armies according to (a) trained reserves, (b) effectives and (c) colonial forces; (4) name an agency for control and supervision; (5) control budgetary publicity on expenditures for war purposes; (6) limit air bombing; and (7) limit naval armaments. The points that will offer difficulties he lists as: (1) the period of duration for armament limitation agreements; (2) the size of tanks and artillery as a basis of comparative effectiveness for determining national quotas; (3) the procedure for reduction of land war material, that is, destruction or some other method; (4) the control of potential manufacturing of arms; and (5) penalties.

THERE is small comfort for the aesthetic in foreign despatches these days. Two news stories from Germany—one to the effect that the ban has been lifted from the saxophone there, the other relating the expulsion from the headship of Hamburg University of Dr. Albrecht Mendelssohn Bartholdy—make one wonder what will happen to German music. Following that, an account of some goings on in Florence makes one wonder what will happen to Italian poetry. It is true that the Italians have not done anything so crass as adopting a prosodic equivalent for the saxophone (whatever dread thing that would be), or assaulting the poetic tradition by expelling the current representative of a great poetic family. But they have assaulted the essence of that poetic sensibility which has long been one of their glories, perhaps all the more mortally because more subtly. It is described in the newspaper under the pretty headline: "A Moonbeam for Marconi." Desiring to give some acknowledgment of the fact that their great inventor was being honored at the Century of Progress by the observance of a Marconi Day recently, they got out Galileo's telescope and picked up a moonbeam, which (we use the language of the

reporter, our own failing) "was relayed by radio, telephone and cable to Chicago." Time was when you could never have contented an Italian with a relayed moonbeam. Even in the laboratories of Laputa, where they hoped to extract it from cucumbers, it was the concrete moonbeam they were after. They were not trying to get its expression in terms of the clicks of the Atlantic Cable. Alas, what next? Will they triumphantly photograph the scent of the jasmine? Will they solidify the bouquet of the wine of Orvieto? How much better was the performance of our own unpoetic, mechanic-minded countrymen who, when they drew down Arcturus, did it for an honest, useful purpose—to light the lamps at the fair! Twist a poet into a scientist and nothing is safe from him.

WHAT amounts to a strong endorsement of the NRA by American Protestantism has been given out by the chairman of the Federal Council of Churches after deliberations of a committee of seventy-eight members representing twenty-six denominations affiliated with the council. The declaration is interpreted as a call to the "thoughtful groups in Protestantism" to help in attaining the objectives of the National Recovery Act. Recognition and common acceptance of the objectives are emphasized as being the important things. The council reserves judgment on the machinery of the act and in this second the frequent statement made by the President that he cannot be sure in advance of all the methods being tried, that he believes in formulating the objectives and then going to work and by trial and error, as any practical business man must conduct his affairs, or in fact any practical person, achieving something toward their realization. The NRA, says the declaration, "aims a vigorous blow at some of the more grievous types of exploitation and injustice." Child labor is mentioned specifically as one and the so-called open shop is identified specifically as another. In the positive, the statement recognizes the right of both employers and workers to organize and bargain collectively. The Fabian battle being fought by some of the old guard mine owners and heavy industrialists on this point, while they seek to formulate a general, cloudy distrust of the NRA, are practical examples of the opposition against which this portion of the statement is directed.

THE FUNDAMENTAL social ideals of Christianity, it declares, are expressed by the NRA in terms of economic organization. The wider spread of purchasing power is approved as indispensable for an improvement in business and industry, and a "more coöperative economic order, socially controlled for the common good," is recognized as practicable. With fine realism it is stated, however,

that the success of the whole venture will depend on the individual conscience and the social self-discipline of Americans. Every "cheater" now and every adamant "individualist" who, rationalizing that he is a conscientious objector to the whole enterprise, seeks special, selfish advantages, will be a traitor in the truest sense, not only against his country but against the hope of men of uniting to work out their destinies on a high, intelligent plane. A triumph of cheaters and self-seekers—which is unthinkable—will mean our national character is decadent. We have definitely set hand and heart against the do-nothing creed which in fact was a smoke-screen for predatory, thoroughly selfish doings. The statements of Pius X, the reiterated statements of our Catholic bishops, of our federated Catholic alumni, of our legion of practical workers for charity—as reported in our last issue—and of our National Council of Catholic Women all agree substantially with the statement of our Protestant friends. This, we believe, is a sign of essential coöperation which assures us that the civilization which is in our making shall not decline.

IT IS agreeable to hear from one who is no great admirer of our present economic innovations that

despite a continued widespread fear of the future among business men, the recession in trade activity of the past years is over and the country is definitely on the upgrade

of a new business cycle. This pleasant prediction was made by Dr. Virgil Jordan, president of the National Industrial Conference Board, at a recent meeting of the National Shoe Retailers Association. Basic forces are at work, he declared, that will make for a very rapid expansion of business the world over and for an equally rapid rise in prices. The volume of industrial production for the world has gained 30 percent since last August, he said, and the low point reached in the middle of last year has steadily been left behind ever since. He envisaged a new business cycle "which will be much larger and much grander than any seen in the past." Substantiating these rosy predictions, we read on the business page of the morning's paper that miscellaneous internal revenues for the three months ending September 30, have shown a sharp increase—that means business! These revenues totaled \$362,000,000, an increase of \$192,000,000 over the \$170,000,000 total of the corresponding three months a year ago. At the same time, Dun's insolvency index for September registered fewer failures than for any month since 1920. With President Roosevelt's fine assurances that there shall be no starving of the unemployed this winter in this land of superabundance, we can go ahead from that irreducible minimum to create actively a better, a far better, social order and happiness.

WHO shall set bounds to the ethnologist when he casts off the trammels of accepted fact and soars aloft into the empyrean of pure wishfulness? One of the brotherhood, many years ago, wrote articles proving that all good Italians—including, and indeed chiefly meaning, Dante—were Teutonic. This has always seemed to us an all-time high for this sort of performance, but just lately certain harried sons of Israel seem to be trying to equal it. When we saw a statement by one of them in a long letter to the papers a few weeks back, to the effect that anti-Semitism is wrong because those passing for Semites are largely a Gentile admixture, whereas many so-called Gentiles are really Semitic, we blinked and wondered about the linotype man. But now there is at hand the report that the British Israel World Federation, meeting in London, has just hailed King George as a lineal descendant of David, and proclaimed that "Great Britain is Israel"; otherwise, they ask, "how can you account for the British Empire?" We can't; nothing shall induce us to try. We merely remember that Mr. Belloc thought he was spoofing Kipling when he wrote for Dr. Caliban, a long time ago: "England, daughter of Sion, why do you do these things?"

IN THE current *Atlantic*, M. Maurois utters "A Word to Youth." His positive advice—adopt a discipline of some sort, and live your life according to a plan—is very good pragmatic advice, so far as it goes. But when he comes to the important lessons life teaches,

and attempts to forestall that stern instructor by a friendly hint to young people ahead of time, one wonders if he is being helpful, or only specious. There are two major truths, he avers, that adolescence suffers from not knowing: nothing is final, and most evil is not evil at all, but ignorance, hurt and the like. Certainly it is a venerable practice to regard these statements as true; but are they true? Or, to put it more exactly, are they exclusively true? Can they be recommended to youth wholesale, to replace what youth characteristically believes? Surely the matter is not so simple. The young are not so wrong, nor are the adult so right. It would be equally true to say that youth's intolerance and momentousness are its most precious spiritual possessions; that, instead of nothing being final, everything is final—that is, everything has a unique meaning, and that meaning may be tragic; that, instead of evil being mostly a by-product, it is a malice definitely present through all of life. The young do press these intuitions too far, and above all, they are confused about their personal relation to them. If they are to go on living, they must learn to adapt and to tolerate. But happy—and rare—is he who learns

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that anything is bearable, without unlearning that everything has significance; happy—and rare—is he who learns to trace the admixture of good in evil men without losing some of the sharp young edge of reprobation of evil.

REPEAL advances apace, and in the meantime there seems to be fairly general agreement that

the public sale of beer has already had a beneficent and moderating effect upon the situation. The latest testimonial is an interesting report compiled at the request of John D.

Rockefeller, jr., by Raymond B. Fosdick and Albert L. Scott. Suggesting certain regulations for the sale of liquor of a higher alcoholic content, it advises continuing the unrestricted dispensing of 3.2 beer. Drunkenness has not increased, the report finds, since the sale of this beverage has been made lawful. More, "the beer drinker of today" does not, by the available evidence, "become the whisky sot of tomorrow"; on the contrary, there is "reasonable ground to expect the taste of those who wish to drink will be diverted to the lighter and less harmful beverages." At the same time, the federal courts have officially reported a marked lessening in the prohibition cases on their dockets. So it is a little difficult to see the basis for the calamitous prophecies which are simultaneously released by Dr. Christian Reisner and Mrs. Ella Boole, president of the W.C.T.U. Dr. Reisner sees us all heading for "the worst drunken orgy of history." Mrs. Boole dismally predicts "a sad Christmas," with mothers as well as fathers drunk, where heretofore "men were mostly the victims." It would be uncharitable, and indeed indefensible, to say that people of this cast of mind positively want repeal to make drunkards; but it would be enlightening indeed to know what figures or facts, what phenomena or reports, they are privy to which justify in their own consciences the making of such statements.

RETHINKING EDUCATION

WE LIVE in a time which hopes to make the grandchildren of once energetic nationalisms as vigorous as their ancestors. To what extent such effort is a fatuous delusion remains to be seen. One thing impresses the individual anxious to view the trend in historical perspective: whereas the nationalists of yore derived strength from new cultures and ideas which virtually struggled for room to live, the patriot of our day is on the defensive. For him and for us all the categorical imperative is social improvement. The masses must have food, shelter and work. These things must be furnished by the complex called industry. But the customary assumptions of industry are now threatened. Europeans see that the factories

of the United States have grown great in twenty years; the New Englander is aghast at the expansion of the Japanese textile industry; farmers in Saskatchewan must reckon with the fact that Italy and France produce enough wheat to meet the national demand. Accordingly the effort of each to protect his own position leads little by little, over the route of tariffs and special concessions, to the near-isolation of the present time. This isolation cannot, however, be genuinely effective unless the element of culture is taken into consideration. For culture often determines purchases, as, for example, the interest in primitive and Mexican art which got jobs in the United States for Diego Rivera. And since the wants of cultivated individuals are not always curable by suggestion, laws are passed making it a virtual offense to purchase—or like—the cultural wares of other lands.

In short, we are witnessing the growth throughout the world of a new economic determinism which is of real intellectual and even spiritual importance. It need hardly be said that the standard definition of a gentleman is: one who lives in a house with more than two windows. His home must have solid foundations of land and environment, but it is above all a place where guests and friends are worthily entertained. From a Christian, not to say a Catholic, point of view the situation is even clearer. While it is true that the universality of the Church presupposes rather than precludes a definite amount of syncretism—i.e., of adaptation of local customs, traditions, habits of thought and worship—we cannot think of Christendom at all unless our thought includes a very real international community of idea and sentiment. If the Church in the United States were to cultivate only such devotions as could be termed American, or if the Church in Germany were to eliminate everything Latin, there would follow inevitable schisms as real as any in the past.

Should it eventually happen that the economic determinism of which we have spoken actually manages to isolate nations in the extreme sense which now seems theoretically possible, both culture and religion would cease to possess any genuine public importance. Both would become the affairs of small, esoteric and more or less persecuted groups living in a sort of international dug-out. Nor is the danger by any means purely hypothetical. True enough, economic nationalists themselves are worried by grave doubts. Mankind cannot look forward with equanimity to a time when the various parts of society must be proud of inferior products because they are made at home—to a time when German women are to wear dowdy clothes with an air of triumph and when French physicians must chant the "Marseillaise" out of gratitude for poor instruments. Yet unless some change is effected soon, such sacrifices will

be exacted of us all. Right now the American housewife must pay exorbitant prices for good porcelain, while her Austrian sister is similarly mulcted for good bread. Who can say whether this trend will not grow steadily stronger until every consequence has been drawn from the premise of the self-sufficient nation?

The only way in which a species of determinism like this can be overcome collectively is through an attack which relies upon the truly creative powers of the human soul. Naturally that statement sounds like an unctuous platitude. In an age when talk still affirms the spirit while action denies it, there is of course little sense in more talk. "Man is a beast of prey," says Spengler in his most recent book, and it would be hard to deny that the recent course of civilization is evidence in his favor. The specifically Christian doctrines of man and social order have been ignored to an extent which almost baffles definition. These doctrines are, to be sure, not so simple as is often imagined. It cannot be stated too frequently that the teaching of the Gospels is based upon a living, burning, dramatic dialectic which, far from overlooking the great contrasts inherent in the life of man, always proceeds directly from a superhuman consciousness of those contrasts. There is no other religion which is even remotely so aware of the fact that man is both body and soul, both of earth and of heaven, both of sin and of redemption. In its false simplifications are repudiated with a fierceness which make the "hard sayings" of Our Saviour more terrifying than anything to be found in such philosophers as Nietzsche. The root of heresy is always the natural tendency of the limited human intellect to simplify this magnificent complex, which we shall never understand intellectually, which we must humbly accept because it is as it is. And since the ultimate effect of one heresy, of one simplification, must be to refute another, the end in our time is a mass of heresies, of simplifications, which afford the picture of a Christian faith sundered into atoms.

We have said that the extent to which the specifically Christian doctrines of man and social order have been ignored baffles defining. Perhaps we can make a tentative approach to the problem by examining a little the concept of human personality which is dominant in modern education. The *sine qua non* of the modern school and university has been preparation of the child for practical life. We start with the notion that such and such a child must be equipped to make a living; and it matters little whether the word "living" means individualistic business struggle in the United States or existence as a bureaucrat in Europe. What does matter is that the traditional agencies of culture, called school and university, cannot really accomplish what is expected of them. Quite apologetically they offer their wares with the argument that

Johnny's brain will improve if he studies mathematics, and that Johnny's salesmanship will be all the slicker for a course in Shakespeare. All the while we know that Euclid never improved anybody's cerebrum, and that the best salesmen can't tell Shakespeare from a hollow stump. It is much the same with religious training. The belief that Christianity properly imbibed is an antidote to the moral and other pitfalls which beset the path of modern success is only credible if Christianity is viewed as that which offers a sanction for the ethical teachings of antiquity. A man who thinks that God will punish offenses against the moral code of Aristotle may observe that code more faithfully than a man who does not believe in God; but he is after all only an Aristotelian. It is as obvious as anything can be that Christianity was never intended to serve any such purpose. Like the university, it has been forced into the rôle of a menial, and for that reason is—or has been—slowly dying.

Until a thoroughgoing reform of this attitude toward the human person is effected, the concrete result of education must be the stifling of the spirit of culture and of the Christian faith. Man is a beast of prey if his purpose is only to make a living—if to this are subordinated the basic forces from which our civilization proceeds. We can say that man is something else only if we have the courage to place in the foreground the quests of religion and culture (which two are inextricably associated), making the practical objectives quite secondary. For example: the most striking fact about mediaeval civilization is the amount of wealth and energy which were expended upon cultural and religious undertakings. The readiness of the rich to build cathedrals, monasteries, universities, hospitals—and not the prohibition of interest—was responsible for the elimination of poverty and starvation and slavery. If during the past twenty years the surplus wealth of the United States had been given away in the manner characteristic of mediaeval civilization, the whole debacle of our time would have been impossible. If there were—and had been—amongst us as much leisure for the spirit, we should not now have to engineer ourselves into a shorter work week.

Now we may be ready to concur in these conclusions, but unless we take to being hermits we shall not find it possible to put them into practice alone. There must be restored a genuinely Christian conception of social order in accordance with which the individual can live. We now possess a very great incentive to attempt such a restoration. For unless we who believe in civilization and religion act as we should act, someone else will rebuild the world into a dwelling we cannot occupy. For it will then be a complex of stony little nationalistic cells, between which there is no intercourse and in each of which fanaticism starves the human soul.

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THE NRA AND THE CONSTITUTION

By JOHN A. RYAN

MORE than once within the last few weeks, the newspapers have represented the officials of the NRA as fearing and desiring to defer as long as possible a judicial test of the constitutionality of the National Industrial Recovery Act. Several

The recent blast by former Senator James Watson of the Republican Old Guard attacking the NRA, rallied his party to assume its rôle as a defender of the Constitution. In the minds of many persons, both those opposed to the NRA and those hoping for its success, there is doubt as to whether the act violates our traditional form of government. The opposition indicated by ex-Senator Watson is likely to develop into a major operation and it is now valuable to have the calm and competent analysis herewith.—The Editors.

prominent persons have expressed the opinion that this legislation is not authorized or permitted by the Constitution. Congressman Beck, high authority on the subject, declares that the National Industrial Recovery Act is the latest and most far-reaching of a long series of congressional enactments which transfer to the federal government powers reserved by the Constitution to the states. Other critics have contended that it would be better to have such legislation regularized by an amendment to the Constitution, rather than sustained by indirection, that is, by judicial construction involving departure from the spirit if not the letter of the Constitution.

The most revolutionary and, from the viewpoint of constitutionality, the most doubtful provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act are those which authorize compulsory minimum wages, maximum hours and price fixing in the various industrial codes which have been or will be put into operation. As we all know, the Constitution does not, in express terms at least, authorize Congress to enact this or any other kind of industrial legislation. All such measures are left to the states or to the people. How then did Congress persuade itself that it was proceeding constitutionally when it passed the National Industrial Recovery Act? On what ground did it hope to see this enactment sustained by the Supreme Court?

The answer is to be found in Section I of the Act. Under the head of "Declaration of Policy" this paragraph presents a meticulously careful, not to say ingenious, statement of the three grounds which Congress regarded as sufficient to decide favorably the issue of constitutionality. This section does not, indeed, say in so many words that these are the reasons for holding the legislation to be constitutional, but it carries that meaning by clear implication. The grounds set forth are: a national emergency, the general welfare and the needs of interstate commerce.

As a matter of history, legislation on its face not authorized by the Constitution has occasionally been sustained by the Supreme Court on

grounds of emergency, but only when the impending danger was great, when the legislation was restricted to a short period of time and when the departure from the constitutional norms was relatively slight. The most conspicuous examples of emergency legisla-

tion sustained by the court in recent years were the Adamson Eight-hour Law on railroads and the war-time rent-fixing laws enacted by New York State and by Congress for the District of Columbia. It is rather improbable that the court would sustain the National Industrial Recovery Act on this basis alone. The "general welfare" clauses found in the Preamble and in Section 8 of the Constitution present some slight hope of favorable judicial action. Within the last few weeks Justice O'Donoghue, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, upheld the price-fixing provisions of the Agricultural Adjustment Act apparently on both these grounds. He declared that "the welfare of the people and the very existence of the government itself are in peril"; and that "neither the necessities of life nor the commodities affected with a public interest can any longer be left to ruthless competition for selfish greed for their production or distribution." Congressman David J. Lewis has submitted the "general welfare" clause as it occurs in Section 8 to a historical analysis from which he deduces with considerable cogency the conclusion that it was inserted with the deliberate intention of giving Congress specific power to promote the common welfare in ways distinct from and additional to those explicitly described in the remaining paragraphs of Section 8. (See *Congressional Record*, May 9, 1933; Appendix.) More important and more promising than both these grounds combined is that provided by the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution.

Not only Congress, but the vast majority of the American people, hope that if and when the test is made, the National Industrial Recovery Act will be upheld by the Supreme Court. In that happy event, could it be truthfully asserted that the court had misconstrued or artificially stretched the meaning of the Constitution? Could it be fairly charged that the court had abdicated one of its high functions in response to congressional exigencies and popular clamor? I venture to submit very briefly some reasons for a negative answer to both these questions.

In his inaugural address, President Roosevelt declared: "Our Constitution is so simple and practical that it is possible always to meet extraordinary needs by changes in emphasis and arrangement without loss of essential form." Obviously he was still of this opinion when he signed the National Industrial Recovery Bill. Chief Justice Hughes has been quoted as saying that "the Constitution is what the Supreme Court says it is." In the practical sense, in the only sense that counts when the constitutionality of a particular piece of legislation is called into question, this statement is absolutely correct. It will be denied only by those who fail to realize that the meaning of the Constitution is not as fixed and inelastic as that of a mathematical proposition or a dogma of faith.

Concerning the interpretation of the Constitution, it is of primary importance to bear in mind that there exist two diametrically opposite rules of construction. According to the first, the meaning and scope of any provision of that document must be restricted to the intentions of the men who wrote and adopted it. According to the second rule, the words of any provision may be given an additional meaning, a meaning that did not occur to the authors of the provision. Of course, the additional meaning must be included within the natural and usual comprehension of the terms involved.

Which of these rules is the correct one? Which enjoys the sanction of the Supreme Court? In general terms, the answer is, "neither exclusively." There are many decisions of the court declaring that the provisions of the Constitution should be so construed as to "give effect to the intention of the framers of the instrument." Other decisions, however, declare that even if the law or case before the court was not "in the minds of those who framed and adopted" the relevant constitutional provision, it may be sustained, unless there is conclusive evidence that the authors of the provision in question would have changed its language if the law or case had been suggested to them. Obviously, this norm of interpretation enables the court to uphold many legislative acts which were not contemplated by the writers of the Constitution; since the attitude that they would have taken toward cases never brought to their attention can rarely be ascertained with certainty or confidence. (See "The Constitution Annotated," by George Gordon Payne, pp. 37, 38.)

Following are a few instances in which the Supreme Court interpreted words or clauses according to the second method, that is, gave these provisions a meaning that was not in the minds of the authors of the Constitution. Many other illustrations of the same practice could easily be derived from a study of the court's decisions.

(1) The Constitution forbids the states "to im-

pair the validity of contracts." As far back as 1819, the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Marshall writing the opinion, declared that the charter received by Dartmouth College from the state of New Hampshire was a contract and, therefore, that the attempt of the state to amend this instrument was prohibited by the Constitution. Nevertheless, the authors of the Constitution were certainly not thinking of college charters when they put in this prohibition; they had in mind ordinary commercial contracts. Hence the court gave to the word "contracts" an additional meaning to that which was in the minds of the Founding Fathers. Still it was a meaning which the word sometimes naturally includes, for a charter is a kind of contract, although it is more properly classed as a privilege or franchise.

(2) The Due Process Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment forbids the states to deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law. The Supreme Court has decided that this clause covers artificial as well as natural persons, corporations as well as human beings. When Congress formulated this amendment, shortly after the Civil War, it had no thought of making "persons" include corporations. It was concerned merely with natural persons, and mainly with those whose skin was black. The court, therefore, broadened the meaning of the word "person" but did not actually torture it, since a corporation is sometimes defined as "an artificial person."

(3) In several decisions, the Supreme Court has declared that "liberty" in the Due Process Clauses includes liberty of contract. The men who put it into the Fifth Amendment and those who inserted it in the Fourteenth Amendment were not thinking of that particular kind of liberty. What they had in mind was juridical liberty, the liberty to move about one's business without interference, to wear what clothes one liked and to follow the ordinary callings. (See Holcombe, "The Foundations of the Modern Commonwealth", pp. 305ff.) Speaking of the Due Process Clause in his dissenting opinion in the District of Columbia Minimum Wage Case where the majority of the court interpreted liberty as the freedom to contract for labor at less than living wages, Justice Holmes said: "The earlier decisions upon the same words in the Fourteenth Amendment began without our memory and went no further than an unpretentious assertion of the liberty to follow the ordinary callings. Later, that innocuous generality was expanded into the dogma, liberty of contract." Nevertheless, the freedom to make contracts is undoubtedly comprehended under the general term "liberty."

(4) The Interstate Commerce Clause empowers Congress to regulate foreign commerce and commerce between the states. Under this provision the Supreme Court has upheld laws prohibit-

ing the movement across state lines of lottery tickets, adulterated foods and certain kinds of human beings. None of these varieties of "commerce" was in the minds of the Fathers when they inserted this clause in the Constitution. Nevertheless, the word "regulate" does include the idea of prohibiting and the word "commerce" can without undue manipulation cover these kinds of transportation.

All four of these historical instances show that the Supreme Court could uphold the National Industrial Recovery Act without doing violence to the language of the Constitution or departing from traditional methods of interpretation. It is, however, the fourth illustration which is particularly pertinent. The Supreme Court could readily sustain, as a legitimate exercise of constitutional power to regulate interstate commerce, the action of Congress in prohibiting interstate shipments of goods made or handled in violation of the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act. Such a construction of the Interstate Commerce Clause would be quite as normal and rational as that employed by the court when it upheld legislation prohibiting the interstate transportation of lottery tickets or adulterated foods or women of unstable virtue. And the gain for public welfare of a favorable decision on the National Industrial Recovery Act would be immeasurably greater than it was in any or all of the three cases just mentioned. If the decision of the court should be unfavorable, the explanation will have to be sought in the social and economic opinions of the Justices rather than in essential principles of constitutional construction.

In closing, it may be of interest to say a word about the analogy or lack of analogy between the rules of interpretation applicable respectively to the Constitution and to defined dogmas of the Catholic faith. The words of the latter are always to be interpreted in the sense in which they

were used by Pope or council. One of the most pervasive and deadly errors of Modernism, condemned by Pope Pius X, was the assertion that the terms of the official professions of faith could and should be reinterpreted in the light of so-called science and research, and given meanings alien to those which they carried when they were solemnly proclaimed. Inasmuch as these documents are infallible pronouncements of infallible truth, to reinterpret them, to give them a new and different meaning, would be illogical and preposterous. But the note of infallibility does not attach to any part of the Constitution. Despite the extravagant adulation and reverence occasionally offered to the memory of the Founding Fathers and despite their great practical wisdom, they were not and did not think themselves infallible.

Another important difference between the Constitution and defined dogmas of faith is that the latter are statements of general truths, general principles, while the former presents practical rules of legislation and government. From their very nature such rules, dealing, as they do, with the needs of society, require a new formulation or at least a new interpretation in new social conditions. Otherwise, some of the provisions of the Constitution become rigid, antiquated and incapable of attaining some of the ends for which constitutions are made. Hence, the Supreme Court has been obliged to use now and again what I have called the second method of interpretation in order to bring within the compass of the Constitution legislation which is necessary for the public welfare. As applied to a political constitution, this is a normal, necessary and rational method. It is a practical and reasonable substitute for a change in the terms, a formal amendment, of the Constitution and it is amply sufficient to justify a favorable decision by the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the National Industrial Recovery Act.

SPAIN'S RELIGIOUS STRUGGLE

By LAWRENCE A. FERNSWORTH

THAT the present Cortes is no longer representative of the Spanish people is becoming increasingly more evident. Nevertheless it continues to be a prime factor in the creation of those difficulties which now beset orderly government. On the one hand, Premier Azaña has been forced to resign and, on the other hand, any proposal made to dissolve the Cortes is countered by the threat of violent action from the Socialist labor unions.

The Left wing is definitely determined to refuse participation in any government which may seek either to modify or undo the Cortes anti-

Church laws. Its members believe that on the unqualified execution of those laws relative to instruction by religious orders and congregations depends the very existence of the republic. With this view President Zamora is in sharp opposition. In his stand he has been strengthened greatly, if not sufficiently, by recent ultra-conservative victories. But, at this time, it remains highly debatable if even a Conservative Republican like Alejandro Lerroux can solve the problem of forming a government. The entire issue is inseparably dependent on the attitudes of the parties toward the anti-Church laws.

Actually the government's project in regard to the Church was not accepted by the Cortes without amendments. This project was set forth in an article by this writer in *THE COMMONWEAL* of January 25. The Cortes having, after a long debate, finally approved the law of religious congregations, it is well to note certain essential modifications of the government's project.

In general the accepted law follows the project as analyzed in the article but there were two important changes, both having to do with teaching by religious orders. These changes make the law more severe than originally intended, and they were forced into the law by the extreme Left elements in the Cortes.

One change is expressed in a paragraph of Article 31 and says:

The inspection [service] of the state shall take care that religious orders and congregations shall neither create nor maintain colleges [in Spain meaning schools] of private instruction, either directly or by taking advantage of interposed secular persons.

Thus it would appear that even parochial schools conducted by lay instructors are to be forbidden, although it is to be noted that the Spanish Constitution does not forbid private schools. In fact the country is now full of private schools which have sprung up like mushrooms during the past year. The new law therefore denies to members of religious congregations, or to the priests of the Church, the simple rights accorded to other Spanish citizens.

It may be stated here, parenthetically, that a governmental order has already long prohibited priests from acting as teachers in schools, even though they hold teaching certificates from the state. Many such priests, deprived of a substantial source of livelihood by the separation law, had turned to teaching as a means of making a living.

The second important change is stated in a paragraph of Article 32, which says:

The exercise of instruction by religious orders and congregations shall cease on October 1 next ensuing for all class of instruction except primary, which shall cease on the immediate December 31.

In the original project the time when church educational work should cease was left open. It had been hoped that church educational work could be indefinitely prolonged—perhaps long enough to permit a modification in the law by less hostile elements.

Touching this latter change the *London Times* says in a news report (May 16):

One of the principal practical objects to the passage of the bill was the necessity for the state of improving sufficient schools to supply instruction to the hundreds of thousands of children now educated in schools maintained by the orders. Last Thursday the Minister of Education undertook in the Cortes to provide sufficient schools by January 1 next. The scheme as outlined by the Minister was based on official figures giving the number of children educated by the orders as 300,000. Figures supplied by the Catholic organ, *El Debate*, set the total at nearly 600,000. The scheme at present means the construction of 7,000 schools at a cost of over £1,000,000 [close to \$4,000,000].

The friends of the Church and of the religious orders are planning to take the matter into the courts on the grounds that the law is unconstitutional. Although they are prepared for a valiant fight they know that their efforts are foredoomed to failure, since the courts are dominated by the government and they have no independence worthy of the name, particularly since the judiciary was cleared of all so-called un-Republican judges.

It seems likely that they will have no recourse whatever to the Tribunal of Constitutional Guarantees, the establishment of which is provided for by the new Spanish Constitution. The supplementary law establishing the court has not yet been passed, although it is eighteen months since the Constitution has been voted.

The government has, however, presented a project for the law to which the Cortes is soon expected to give its attention. Therein it is stated that no law and no act of the government, or of any functionary of the government, having the status of priority to the passage of the law of constitutional guarantees shall be subject to review by the tribunal to be set up. Therefore any law, or any decree or act, however unconstitutional, would be automatically excluded from being reviewed on constitutional grounds so long as it has the referred-to status of priority.

In the same project heavy fines and other penalties such as payment of costs and disbarment, in the case of a lawyer, are provided for against persons considered to have brought constitutional questions before the court in bad faith. The law is so worded that the mere non-success of a suit is susceptible of being considered as prima-facie evidence of bad faith. These provisions would seem rather effectively to exclude any citizen from exercising his supposed constitutional right of testing the Constitution.

This example, which is one of many, of the bad faith with which the government itself actuates in its supposed régime of liberalism, of democracy and of whatnot, is the shame of the Spanish Republic.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

By GERALD F. LAHEY

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS was born of Protestant parents in 1844, and died a Jesuit priest in 1899. He left less than a hundred poems, and until Robert Bridges edited some seventy-four of them in 1918, was practically unknown in the literary world. For the past fifteen years he has had a tremendous vogue, his influence on the texture and form of English verse excelling, beyond doubt, any previous English Catholic poet. This is the more extraordinary when one considers that those who have acknowledged his genius have shown but scant sympathy with his ideals, either because, being non-Christians or non-Catholics, they would not tolerate them, or because, knowing little about the Society of Jesus, they could not understand them. And yet, even if he were not "one of the major poets of the nineteenth century," his work would repay study for the immense wealth of matter it contains.

One method of approach to Gerard Hopkins's poetry is through the weavings and vistas of religious poetry generally. Religious poetry always tends to explore the depths of the human mind and sensibility, so pathetically lovable, so restless, so beautiful, and the divine discontent in the heart of man is embodied in the greatest poetry of all the religions. Whether it springs to life, say, in the tragic wailings of the Greek tragedians, or the most sublime groanings of the Royal Psalmist, or the mysticism of the East, it is the poet always who leads his people, like Moses, to the emancipation of purer heights and loftier planes of desire. But such poetry implicitly acknowledges an ever-growing tragedy of shackled hope enmeshed in infinite longing, a deep undercurrent of melancholy intermingling with the primal law of intrinsic goodness in every man. It is, perhaps, not unlike what Wilde calls the loneliness of personality, or what Keats meant when he sang of the homeward journey to habitual self, or what philosophers might analyze as the relation between a creature and the Creator Who fashioned him and gave to him his individuality and placed him amidst a bewildering wilderness of myriad-numbered creatures like himself.

When a man, and much more a poet, considers himself and the universe in the light of such eternal verities, his horizon is broadened rather than straitened; the world is charged with a perilously pregnant set of values; contours blossom and fade; nobility, grandeur, beauty, truth, purify the dross from his mind; he exults in a sense of freedom which one who has not known this catharsis, this burning vision, can only vaguely understand and but hardly appreciate. Whenever this sub-

lime intuition is born, it always seems to turn, either directly or indirectly, to things Divine. This is true of the most exquisite abstractions of Plato (and especially the neo-Platonists), of Kant and the transcendentalists, as well as of the Christian and Catholic metaphysicians and mystics. One remembers how the son of Bernadoni wooed the Lady Poverty, and found inanimate nature shot through with the deathless love of its Creator; this same sort of awareness made Ignatius of Loyola watch, like Galahad, in vigil before the altar of the Madonna during the long hours of the night and then hang his sword there, high in the serene heights of the Pyrenees, to go in quest of his personal Grail. Surely the very lives of great men are the poems of the universe, and the histories of the saints its canticles! For sainthood and poetry move in analogous states of vital awareness, so that they might perhaps elicit more sympathy and understanding from each other than from their plebeian-minded kinsfolk.

This sense of Divine chivalry may be the sesame to the life and writings of Gerard Hopkins. Here is the problem of a mind purified by the sufferings of mental reintegration, fired with an insatiable desire to possess and hold true chivalry, true beauty. What to the uninitiate seemed a hard cross of Ignatian frigidity and renunciation, was to him but the illuminating warmth of a great and imperative spiritual adventure. Hopkins belonged to one of two classes of men who, unaided and solitary, have gone through the personal Golgotha of changing the whole background of their intimate religious life, and have suffered the blasting and upheaval of their most fundamental certainties, with the result that they drift into a state of crapulent agnosticism, or else wrest from themselves a passionate following of Christ in His Church—and, given the latter, the price of their victory will not tolerate a self-satisfied mediocrity. Hopkins belonged to this latter class, and when he threw his soul at the feet of Christ, Christ led him to the Society of Jesus.

The Society was worthy of him. She was, as it were, an arena wherein the greatness of men might expend itself. She had received and satisfied great men in the past—men endowed with learning, like Elizabethan Campion, or Bellarmine; saints with the delicate sensibilities of Kostka or of the author of "The Burning Babe"; and the red blood of martyrs dappled the long pages of her history. When Hopkins entered her portals the first thing he had to consider was the "Scope and Aim" of what she would demand of him:

Men crucified to the world, and to whom the world is crucified; new men who have put off their own affections to put on Christ: dead to themselves to live to justice; who with Saint Paul in labors, in watchings, in fastings, in chastity, in knowledge, in long-suffering, in sweetness, in the Holy Ghost, in charity unfeigned, in the word of truth, show themselves ministers of God, and by the armor of justice on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report, by good success finally and evil success, press forward with great strides to their heavenly country themselves, and by all means possible and with all zeal, urge on others also, ever looking to God's greatest glory.

It was this spirit that Hopkins embraced, and it is the only *rationale* of his life and writings. But it may not be understood by any who do not know of its realization in the "Spiritual Exercises" of Saint Ignatius.

These "Spiritual Exercises" were born in the famous Ignatian cave at Manresa where the saint is said to have received them directly from the hand of God. They are *askesis* of the supernatural life as contrasted with the merely natural life and are analogous to natural activity. Just as the vegetative, sensitive, spiritual faculties of the natural life of man are exercised by intussusception, sensation, study (by means of which a man may fit himself for his natural end in life), so also the supernatural faculties of man are exercised by the contemplation and practical application of the truths of salvation by means of which he may fit himself for his supernatural end in life. This, in other words, consists in the knowledge of God, the love of Christ, the serving of God after the example of Christ, and these "Exercises" are presented as a logically linked system of supernatural truths, of skilled methods, containing everything which enlightens, purifies, strengthens and molds the soul, and makes it capable of reaching that degree of perfection, which, according to God's plan, it is destined to reach.

They are divided into a prolegomenon and four periods. The prolegomenon contains principles peculiar to no religion save theism: given the fact of transcendent causality there follow certain conclusions, obvious, and, once grasped, alarmingly vital to conduct. They imply complete and absolute dependence on the Divine Will for our origin, on the Divine Conservation for our continuance, on the Divine Concurrence for any action of mind or body. Now as Divine Creation, Conservation and Concurrence can only exist for a personal motive on God's part, it follows that man's only *raison d'être* is to give external glory to God through praise, reverence and service.

The spirit of this prolegomenon was the principle and foundation of every action of Hopkins's life as a Jesuit, and it informs most of his poems.

For him God is the giver of the breath and the sustenance of life, Who bound bones and veins in man and fastened him flesh¹, fathering forth all the changing and dappled beauty of the world², hewing mountains and continents, veining violets and with trickling increment making the growth of trees³, giving life to all heaven and earth with His creative Word⁴. But this Creatorship has not only its personal intimacies, but also (and on account of them) its terrors⁵, touching man with the dread of His Omnipotence, sifting man like soft sand in an hour-glass⁶, wringing man's obstinacy and malice with wrecking and storms⁷, forging, as on an anvil, His Will on man⁸, making mastery out of His creature⁹, hiding behind death with an abiding and a boding sovereignty that is heedful of all his creation¹⁰. Yet God the Creator is always in the midst of His creation; He is the firm strand of the world and the power behind all motion, even that of the sea¹¹, His finger is ever on His creature¹², and it is His lovely felicitous Providence that disposes all things sweetly¹³, caring for all with a fonder care than any¹⁴, using men on earth or taking them to Himself in eternity¹⁵, swaying all men mote-like in the mighty glow of His Power and Providence¹⁶. For God the Creator is also a Father compassionate of the hearts He has wrung¹⁷, a Father Who is mild and easily reconciled with His children¹⁸, Who loves the souls of His children and completes and complements their failures¹⁹. And man, on his part, needs must give glory and praise to his Omnipotent Father²⁰.

Having thus, in the prolegomenon, established man's place in the world, Saint Ignatius goes on to the actual history of man in the world. The Creator made man free. What then of man's disobedience to the Divine plan? This is treated of formally in the First Period of the "Exercises." God punished the one sin of the angels with hell, and the one sin of our First Parents with the problem of evil in this world and the possible fate of hell in the next. Then Ignatius leads the exercitant over the history of the latter's life in order to compare God's mysterious mercy in his own regard with the fate He reserved for man's First Parents and their descendents; but he will not allow the penitent to become paralyzed with terror or despair, for that would be to forget that God so loved the world as to send His Only-begotten Son to die for the redemption of man, and so Ignatius leads the penitent, like Magdalen, to the feet of the Crucified Saviour to see there the intolerable depths of God's mercy and concern for each man. God's action toward sin is of infinite justice, toward sinners of infinite mercy.

Hopkins knew that no man can commensurate the objective malice of sin, but needs must arrive

¹The Wreck of the Deutschland. No. 43. ²Pied Beauty. ³St. Alphonsus. ⁴The Wreck of the Deutschland. ⁵Ibid. ⁶Ibid. ⁷Ibid. ⁸Ibid. ⁹Ibid. ¹⁰Ibid. ¹¹Ibid. ¹²Ibid. ¹³Ibid. ¹⁴The Leadon Echo and the Golden Echo. ¹⁵No. 59. ¹⁶No. 73. ¹⁷Deutschland. No. 34. ¹⁸No. 73. ¹⁹In the Valley of the Elwy. ²⁰Pied Beauty.

at it through analogy by studying its effects. Angels fall, they are towers, from heaven—a story of just, majestic, and giant groans²¹, and what followed was hell, the doomfire that knows no redeeming²², and the forever lost are soured and scourged by their very selves²³. Original sin with its problem of suffering is the blight man was born for²⁴, and gives also to man that list, that leaning in the will to evil²⁵. From original sin comes death for all men, who may dream that they are rooted in earth when in reality they are dust, who wave like a meadow forgetful that the scythe and the plowshare must come upon them²⁶; for men needs must break down to man's last dust and drain toward man's first slime²⁷; for man is blotted out quickly by black death²⁸; even physical corruption was the world's first woe²⁹; our breath is our *memento mori*³⁰. Sin with its toll of suffering should draw to God with stronger insistence the sorrow-with-its-sorrowing heart³¹, should draw the-last-breath penitent spirits³². For God is essentially merciful, making mercy in man, with a lingering-out sweet skill as with Augustine, or mastering him in mercy as He did with the crashing apocalypse of Paul³³, and with millions of rounds of mercy reeving man in³⁴, making man bathe in His fall-gold mercies³⁵, making Himself the heaven-haven of man's reward³⁶.

The Second Period is concerned with the reformation of our lives, and with the Model, Who is both Redeemer and Instructor. It is distinctly positive, whereas the First Period is only negative, in import. It consists in skilfully portraying the scenes, thoughts, words, actions, of the most beautiful of the sons of men, who is our sure guide because He "always did the things that are pleasing to His Father." In this Period are also four well-known considerations: "The Kingdom of Christ" which contrasts the various means of following Christ closely and generously; "The Two Standards" which gives the best method of this following; "The Three Classes of Men" which compares the ideals of those who would follow Christ; "The Three Degrees of Humility" which analyzes the evolution of the efficiency realized by a perfect follower of Christ.

Of the Incarnate Word the "Poems" are a most wonderful testament, and they are a beautiful mirror of Hopkins's own deep and well-grounded spirituality. He realizes in them myriad aspects of Christ, new-born to the world, double-natured name, the heaven-flung, heart-fleshed, maiden-furled miracle-in-Mary-of-flame³⁷; living, first, the warm-laid grave of a womb-life grey³⁸; the Son of her who gave God's infinity, dwindled to infancy, welcome in womb and breast³⁹, of her who molded those limbs like ours⁴⁰, who laid Him in a manger, who held Him on her knee⁴¹, Christ, who was wakened on the Sea of Genesareth to save His terror-stricken Apostles⁴², who is man's

ransom, man's rescue, and first, fast, last friend⁴³. Christ is also man's Head, man's King⁴⁴, who royally reclaims His own⁴⁵, for the heaven-haven of God's reward⁴⁶, who now bides in bliss and when He sees some man do all that man can do leans forth and cries "O Christ-done deed! So God-made-flesh does too, were I come o'er again, it should be this" that I would do⁴⁷. But Christ not only ascended into heaven, but also left us Himself, Lord of the Holy Eucharist, keeping His Godhead low-thatched and leaf-light⁴⁸, remaining here for our Viaticum⁴⁹.

The Third Period of the "Exercises" discloses the triumph of the love of Christ for His brethren in the agonizing though glorious drama of the Passion. The Fourth Period is one of spiritual joy, being concerned with the Resurrection and the Ascension of Christ. It concludes with the famous "Contemplatio ad amorem."

There comes, too, in the "Poems," the suffering Christ⁵⁰, passion-plunged⁵¹, in the dense and driven Passion and frightful sweat⁵², suffering the strokes that gashed His flesh⁵³, but still the hero of Calvary⁵⁴, Whose Passion, however, is so sacred that it is tenderer in prayer apart⁵⁵. But Christ is, too, a giant risen⁵⁶, and His Resurrection is a heart's clarion that shines across the foundering deck of joyless days and dejection as a beacon, an eternal beam, giving man an immortal felicity⁵⁷. Christ comes now in spirit, hiding in the beauty of men and nature, and the bright-piece paling of this world is His home⁵⁸; He is a Saviour who can be gleaned from all the glory in the heavens⁵⁹, who can still be aggrandized and glorified in men⁶⁰, playing in ten thousand places, lovely in bodies, in eyes not His⁶¹; and hope in man's mind holds Christ out to take His lovely likeness more and more⁶²; and that likeness is increased by His dwelling spiritually in us now, just as He dwelt corporally in Nazareth, so that men can now draw (as they draw breath) more and more Christ⁶³. And with Christ comes the Spirit of God, arch and original Breath⁶⁴, eastering in men, a day-spring to the dimness of men, a crimson-cresseted east⁶⁵, brooding over the bent world with warm breast and with bright wings⁶⁶.

This spirit of the "Exercises," therefore, was the warp and woof of Hopkins's own life as he lived and fashioned it from hour to hour, and his poems are a true manifestation of it. It flowed into his life as a poet, as a religious, as a priest. It gave a temper to his awareness, it was the cause

²¹No. 69. ²²The Loss of the Eurydice. ²³No. 45. ²⁴Spring and Fall. ²⁵On the Portrait of Two Beautiful Young People. ²⁶Deutschland. ²⁷The Sea and the Skylark. ²⁸That Nature Is a Heraclitean Fire. ²⁹On the Portrait of Two. ³⁰No. 69. ³¹Deutschland. ³²Ibid. ³³Ibid. ³⁴Ibid. ³⁵Ibid. ³⁶The Soldier. ³⁷Deutschland. ³⁸Deutschland. ³⁹Blessed Virgin Compared to the Air We Breathe. ⁴⁰Ibid. ⁴¹Deutschland. ⁴²Ibid. ⁴³The Lantern Out of Doors. ⁴⁴Deutschland. ⁴⁵No. 34. ⁴⁶Deutschland. ⁴⁷The Soldier. ⁴⁸The Bugler's First Communion. ⁴⁹Felix Randal. ⁵⁰Deutschland. ⁵¹Ibid. ⁵²Ibid. ⁵³St. Alphonsus. ⁵⁴Deutschland. ⁵⁵Ibid. ⁵⁶Ibid. ⁵⁷Heraclitean Fire. ⁵⁸The Starlight Night. ⁵⁹Hurrahing in Harvest. ⁶⁰The Candle Indoors. ⁶¹No. 34. ⁶²No. 51. ⁶³The Blessed Virgin Compared to the Air We Breathe. ⁶⁴Deutschland. ⁶⁵Ibid. ⁶⁶God's Grandeur.

of his exaltation at the beauty of this world, as well as the cause of that occasional overpowering unworthiness and self-hatred which are given to all mystics⁶⁷; it made him agonize over his insufficiency in effecting as many conversions of men to God as he desired⁶⁸; and it gave him the consolations that come to the human dispensers of the mysteries of God⁶⁹; it blossomed into an intense love of Christ and a tender devotion to His holy Mother.

All the formal religious orders of the Church have each a peculiar spirit which gives expression or emphasis to one of the various facets of the character of Christ. Hopkins's poems could never have been written in just the same way had he never been a Jesuit, and they can only receive their proper interpretation by studying Hopkins in them as a Jesuit. They are the most perfect illustration, as yet, of the ideals of the Society of Jesus. *Quod in poeta latet, in Jesuita patet!*

IS AGRICULTURE GAINING?

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

SAGES of the Potomac assure us that American agriculture is gaining, and department publicity bureaus grind out tons of mimeographed bulletins to substantiate this. Here, briefly, is the statistical testimony of the times:

Farm product prices have risen to an average of 72 percent of pre-war basis. Although 1933 has been a subnormal crop year, exchange value of farm commodities have been lifted \$1,000,000,000. By the end of the year the Agricultural Adjustment Administration proposes to have distributed between \$400,000,000 and \$500,000,000 among American farmers as cash bounty for crop limitation. Farm buyables hover at 12 percent above their pre-war basis, whereas only the two crops, wool and potatoes, have climbed from the sub-normal category. The cost of distribution marks time at 132 percent of its pre-war average. All in all, the purchasing power of the farm dollar has taken distinct steps upward.

Statistically speaking, the sea of agriculture is still choppy but vastly more navigable than it was a year ago. Loans and valuation resources reflect the sunshine of executive intelligence. Yet defining agriculture on a purely statistical basis is a dreary and ironic pastime. The good earth is tremendously personal, erratic and unharnessable by formal economies. Secretary Henry Agard Wallace himself confides:

While I'll never tire of playing with farm statistics, being a statistician myself, I am always sceptical of the findings of any man who spends more than a reasonable part of his time at statistical analysis.

The close of 1933 finds agriculture's statistical barometer still cloudy but comparatively speaking, promising. At this time we are tremendously interested in another agrarian barometer, the barometer of farm personnel and virility, a gage which registers a relatively new plight of national mind,

and a definite trend in America's most eminent indoor and outdoor sport—public education.

For the past half-century American youth has been an enthusiastic convert of the Abe Lincoln tradition. Our Abe Lincolns have gone forth from the land in a never-ending caravan. This has been a marvelous asset in such learned fields as ministry, law, nation-wide commerce and government. But American agriculture has suffered terrifically through the loss of millions of its most able sons and daughters. Now the caravan is beginning to change its direction of march.

The about-face in the common regard of agriculture is abundantly motivated. Any Chamber of Commerce secretary knows that it is the farm dollar that turns the wheels of town business. Any business school sophomore knows that stern nationalism is the prevailing theme-song of American business. Any observer of exchange knows that the United States, with perhaps 6 percent of the world's population, actually consumes almost 50 percent of all manufactured products of the world. A child of three knows that consumption presupposes either money or credit, and even some congressmen realize that, since we are in an era of domestic production and consumption, manufacturing and agriculture must be able to juggle commerce between them, or else none of us eat.

We all know that American farms still bear full obligation for supporting at least 33,000,000 farming citizens; that counting farm caterers and investors wholly dependent upon farm trade, the agrarian figure rises to at least 45,000,000 Americans, and that virtually all the rest of us are substantially influenced by farm life. As a nation, adversity has certainly brought us a clearer economic vision; and conscious appreciation of the inevitable truth that a pauperized agriculture builds a pauperized commonwealth certainly represents a forward step for our long-suffering hinterland.

Our nation is largely built upon the noble craft of agriculture. American government, tradition and spiritual life are essentially as much products

⁶⁷Nos. 40, 41, 45, 46, 47. ⁶⁸Nos. 50, 44. ⁶⁹Bugler's First Communion, Felix Randol.

of American soil as are our national surpluses of wheat, cotton and hogs. During our boot-strap marathon of the uproarious twenties, we were in no mood to consider foundations. But now that the boot-strap malady shows signs of abating, the nation is more willing to deal the farms a fair hand of cards than it has been since the days of Thomas Jefferson and the territory of Louisiana. Our leaders have seen farm dollars start the wheels of prosperity. With their own eyes they have seen the farm's lack of dollars stop them.

But our long-prevailing Abe Lincoln tradition for leaving the land has dealt grave kick-backs. It has relentlessly sorted our farm population, which it has left with an outrageous percentage of culls. By this I do not mean that farmers generally are the last culls of American society, but I do mean that the habitual process of drawing the cream of farm youth for city trades has proven itself an unhealthy striving, and an unnatural one.

Anyone who has made more than one crop realizes that the land's fertility must be at least partially replenished. Any livestock grower, with half the mentality of his livestock, knows that a flock or herd cannot flourish if all its more likely members are sent away to market. All this is primitive appreciation of the obvious. Population and land have a great deal in common.

During the past fifteen years particularly, the American humor has chosen to overlook agriculture's need for a competent leadership and virile personnel of youth. So, in general, did the American educational system, which persisted in offering little if any training for real farming. Country schools have been mere pint-sized editions of town schools. Country school teachers have been of two prevailing sorts: those temporarily placed and waiting better jobs and more luscious pastures; and those who, having failed in town or city school systems, were content with any manner of employment.

Rural school curricula throughout all the nation came to show astonishing want of training for the practical and specific routine of farming; likewise for appreciation of the agricultural craft. Country schools by and large were simply cogs in a general educational system geared to prepare for professional careers in teaching, law, commerce, medicine, ministry, engineering, architecture, etc. Vocational agricultural schools definitely waned both in numbers and enrolment. Colleges and universities throughout the land, even the largest and richest, virtually abandoned courses aimed specifically at practical, first-hand agriculture in their enthusiastic acceptance of professional specialization.

The urge for specialization saturated our army of agricultural colleges which have centered time, talent and legislative appropriation upon formal or specialized interpretation of the farm scene: upon formal economics, specialized experiments,

laboratory diagnosis, scientific research. Hence the colleges of agriculture have been graduating agricultural specialists, county agents and demonstrators, research workers, economists and college of agriculture faculty members, instead of really productive farmers supported by general training in that highly complex craft.

May I illustrate with figures? Here on my desk I have employment bureau reports and alumni records from eleven prominent agricultural colleges of the United States, accountings which list the professional steeds of about 14,000 graduates. Of these 14,000 I can find only about 560 who report themselves as active farmers. About 1,600 are associated with federal or state agricultural departments. Some 2,700 are engaged in teaching of one sort and another; about 3,100 have entered business or commercial pursuits; 200 have taken up journalism; at least 1,800 are in trades or professions not directly related with agriculture; and a good percentage of the remainder evidently mark time in the army of unemployed.

Evidence stands that during the twelve years that followed the war, our public school systems, commercial uproar and exaltation of the learned profession took between three and four million of agriculture's best timber away from the farms. These years saw the rise of the greatest farm dilemma in our history; the sure and blighting encroachment of farm poverty. Farm assets, material and personal, cooled. Agriculture lost talented youth because it couldn't earn enough money, and it couldn't earn enough money largely because it was losing talented youth.

But lately the bucolic worm staged its proverbial turning. Since 1930 our farm population has chalked an increase of between five and six millions. Farm youth has returned, from city bread lines, slim-pursed school systems, lame businesses and folded dispensables. The administration is waging a fiery and romantic battle to rehabilitate farm buying parities. Rebellious rural vote has sent hundreds of high-finance legislators to political oblivion. Surviving members are taking notice. School systems and school salaries have been ruthlessly pruned. Colleges and universities which have heretofore eyed their rural constituencies with mildly disdainful smiles are dashing hither and yon all but bursting with offers of service. Culture factories have likewise ceased to boast of prowess at placing graduates in upholstered professional jobs. Business executives are studying the farm realms with sympathetic intensity. Normal schools and teacher's colleges, recognizing saturation points in city school systems, are deliberately striving for more competent rural schools. For the first time in history, the federal government is lending good money to otherwise indigent rural school districts. Processes of coaxing youth away from the land are no longer desirable.

All in all, it is a reënactment of the age-old story of the Joneses and Grandpa Jones. Grandpa had always been the basic provider. The young Joneses take joyously from his pockets and regard their donor as an old hick, until Grandpa shows unmistakable signs of leaving. Thereupon nothing is too good for Grandpa.

Four years ago I was delegated to appear before the president of a prominent state university to plead for the installation of a competent department of rural education. I had figures to prove that 60 percent of the public schools of his state are rural; that almost 80 percent of the population is rural. The President spoke a frank "No."

The suggestion is not directly in keeping with the policy of the collegiate association of which this institution is a member. Moreover, the rural school salary range is so far below that of city schools that courses in standard system pedagogy are more "saleable" to our students.

But 1933 finds this university proffering five courses in rural school methods and administration. What is more, its colleges of medicine, law and divinity are definitely "slanting" a good share of their curricula toward rural application. This trend is now assuming a promising scope as the barometer of farm personnel continues to predict fairer weather and happier days.

First of all, rural America needs more and better direction in the fundamental profession of agriculture. Along with this, it cries out for better district schools and more competent resident teachers and a far more adequate supply of doctors, preachers and other vital professional callings which may be welded naturally and invincibly to the good of the land. Winning leadership for agriculture must be resident, just as it must be sincerely, spontaneously and productively a part of the farming system.

To Petrarch

Tell others that you weighed in Laura's praise
The ringing cadence of a captured word,
Or to a strand of yellow hair deferred
The golden beauty of a perfect phrase.
Concetta, disconcerting in her ways,
Your crystal thoughts would clumsily have blurred,
And Teresina, charming and absurd,
Laughed pertly through the splendor of your lays.

Love stammers songs that sharply touch and pass,
Blood is an ink that blanches as you write,
And passion dew upon the morning grass.
But Laura was an image blown of glass
To lasting grace, by the exultant flight
Of words you breathed for your most own delight.

OLGA MARX.

IN OLD MAZATLAN

By FRANK C. HANIGHEN

ONE DAY on Fifth Avenue I stopped in front of a travel agency to look at a poster. It advertised a railroad on the west coast of Mexico, but it was executed in a style worthy to bear the stamp of "Chemins de Fer de l'Etat" or "Ferrocarriles Espanolas." The inevitable twin towers raised themselves in perpetual hallelujah (the artist had done a good job of foreshortening) and a dark shadow beneath them offered promise of rich transept and nave, fascinating stained glass and statuary. It was splendid, alluring and utterly false.

For I had once visited Mazatlan, had rested my eye on this very church—La Parroquia. Indeed, I had gone there several years ago as a result of looking at this identical poster displayed in a Los Angeles window. It was such a good poster that it led me to ask for rates, timetables, and tourist information. The Mexican clerk responded to my question with such a full exotic pronunciation of Mazatlan—distinct sibilants and open a's—that I made up my mind that I must go and dream before that vermilion marvel. Other reasons, too, as the Latin cunningly rolled off the itinerary—Hermosillo (little jewel), Ciudad Obregon (how stern and revolutionary), Topolobampo, Culiacan—what names!

But as the train bore me down through Sonora, I missed the glories of Little Jewel and City of Obregon during the night. When day came there was nothing but an unbroken panorama of chaparral, which might best be compared to the weedy flats along the Missouri River after a heat wave. It was not pretty, but at the junction point for Topolobampo, I revived. True, I had been deceived by the clerk; we did not go through that alliterative place. But on the branch line puffed an old 1870 locomotive with wide flame-catching funnel bearing the designation of the "Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Ry." While barefooted Indian women supplicated me to buy *enchiladas*, a feeling of satisfaction came over me. Yes, I was in Mexico, not the pretty-picture Mexico of the advertising artists, but earthy, smelly, incongruous Mexico.

That evening a Buick taxi transported me over the sadistic cobblestones of Mazatlan, while a melodramatic tropical sunset flung itself over the low houses. In the Plaza I saw a soldier clad in olive drab scooping up baked beans in a tortilla. Sloe-eyed *criadas* balanced baskets on their heads and a phonograph rasped out the strains of "The St. Louis Blues." I knew then that this was where several civilizations met and that they were all good in a horribly fascinating way.

Give me the clash of cultures and I will trade it for all the *vieux coins* and untouched mediaeval spots in the world. Some may sit entranced before Bruges's belfry, old and brown; or in Mexico wander rapt in Taxco, recently exhumed from the perfect state in which the eighteenth century left it. But I immensely prefer something like Santa Maria, the lower middle-class suburb in Mexico City, where one can buy either Philip Morris or corn-husk cigarettes from an Indian maiden with bobbed hair and a Mina Taylor dress, or the incoherent beauty

of Mazatlan. In Mexico the varieties of incongruity are numberless.

So when the clerk at the Bel Mar Hotel took me up to my "room and bath," I was prepared for a great deal more. The room and furnishings were commonplace enough. But, I was to find, Mexican bathrooms always provide a surprise for an American. Below the Rio Grande plumbers never place a hot-water faucet in the lavatory; shavers are furnished with a pan which may be filled with luke-warm liquid from the bathtub tap. Likewise, the looking-glass is placed with equally exquisite care on another wall away from the lavatory. The tub itself is of the grandest and most ample American manufacture, but it too has its surprise. After you are through splashing, a removal of the stopper results in the whole room being flooded. Do not despair, however, there is a hole in the corner of the sloping floor which acts as a waste. It is a magnificent example of Latin mentality to modern civilization.

My accommodations in the Bel-Mar were no exception, but I could forget them when I sat at a window in the dining-room, savoring some delicious rock-bass and gazing at the tranquil bay crimsoned with sunset. Even though an orchestra, which could do much better with "Estrellita," eagerly sought my approval with some fox-trots, I enjoyed every drop of the Marquez de Riscal (no date). And afterwards when I sat in the patio worrying the *mozos* with questions about the extravagantly beautiful tropical flowers, I felt a peace that passeth international misunderstanding. A peace, I should add, somewhat disturbed by one of the *mozos* who tried to divert me by producing an eight-foot boa-constrictor from behind one of the most attractive palms.

I remembered the old chestnut, "In Mexico the unusual always happens," as I gingerly examined this reptile curling uncomfortably on the tile floor. Why a hotel which advertises "American comfort" should keep a pet like this is one of the mysteries of that strange country. The next day I photographed the snake just to convince incredulous friends back home. But for the moment I listened to the *mozo* explaining that the bump in the boa's middle was a small kitten which had unwarily scampered beneath the *lamparas* that morning. He offered to produce Conchita's sister Josephina which was sleeping in a drain pipe, but I declined and moved out to the esplanade in front of the Bel-Mar, to contemplate nature in its more aesthetic aspects.

Some movie travel film has given me the impression that Mazatlan bay resembles that of Rio de Janeiro. However that may be, it is a tri-partite affair with its three divisions separated by little necks of land which rise steeply to jagged peaks. A drive connects the eminences and with the aid of an *aranja* (spider), I was able to enjoy the breath-taking views. The *aranjas* are two-wheeled one-horse carriages with a rear entrance and the fantastic nick-name is well-deserved. While I teetered along from peak to peak, I tried to visualize the good old days when Spanish galleons from the Philippines used to anchor here with cargoes of spice, Chinese curios and Indian carpets for Mexican grandees. Later Yankee clipper

ships called in this port and when pronunciamentos endangered American citizens, lanky commodores pointed persuasive seven-pounders at the city. Not long ago, a somewhat different flotilla, our Pacific naval squadron, stopped to purchase oil in these now untroubled waters.

A memory of these comic opera revolutions lingered in the courts of justice of the town when I visited them one hot morning. A general was on trial for participation in the 1929 revolt and while *abogados* wrangled tediously and the judge nodded, I confirmed my idea that whatever the country, justice is always majestically slumbrous. The general himself, in enforced mufti—style Hart, Schaffner and Marx—fingered a sombrero and puffed corn-husk cigarettes. I do not recall how the trial ended, perhaps it is still going on, but I did see the prisoner one morning in the door of the jail adorned with a mustache strap. In war or disillusioning peace, Mexican generals must train those savage Kaiser-Wilhelm *bigotes*.

The jail was contiguous with the church; the picture of which had drawn me to Mazatlan. There it stood in deathless mediocrity. Its color was less vermilion than an artificial stucco pink, cracked and scaled like a ten-year-old California bungalow. For the deterioration was due more to construction than to age. The guide book best summed it up with "begun in 1875, completed in 1900; fine view from belfry." And of its pseudo-Gothic façade and tawdry interior, that was perhaps the most charitable description.

It was pleasant, however, to forget my disillusion with poster-makers by playing dominoes on the veranda of the hotel with an electrical drummer from Rochester. It was interesting to stare at the trig officers who had apparently espoused the right cause in 1929 and who strutted up and down the esplanade. How incongruous seemed these copper-colored faces, pure Indian some of them, under smart military hats and how these Pretorians swaggered in their neatly fitting tunics and Sam Browne belts. To expose oneself, even with dominoes, in a public place like a hotel veranda is to offer hostages to the peddling instinct of Mexicans. Barefoot creatures offered me boxes of wax matches, corn-husk cigarettes, jewelry, and one individual tried to sell me a live turkey. What on earth would a Yankee guest at a hotel want with one of those huge birds? I was about to comment on the eternal stupidity of Latin salesmen, when one of my own compatriots engaged my attention.

He was a pathetic youth, with a woebegone expression and tattered clothes, and he wanted to guide me through the town. American beachcombers always have a story and I got his by treating him to a Lucky Strike and a drink at the bar. The wastrel was the son of a gardener in the San Diego, California, parks. The father, it seems, was a man of some originality, for he had taken a second wife, a Mexican woman, and had forthwith become a member of a Spiritualist church. The pastor convinced him by the usual hocus-pocus that on the ranch of his wife's people near Mazatlan there was a rich Aztec treasure. He even, with the aid of spirits, supplied a map indicating the location of the hoard and so, with this, the oddly assorted family set off for Mexico.

It seemed all too fantastic to me, and so it must have appeared to the impressionable gardener when one day in the clear perspective of Mexican sunlight he realized that he had fallen for a castle in Spain. He packed up and left for San Diego, leaving his squaw and American son to fend for themselves. The poor derelict hated his Mexican relatives, loathed the country and all its ways and wanted only to return to the United States. On a much lower economic level than the citizens of Mazatlan, the boy yet preserved a haughty scorn for all of them and would only try to sell his humble talents to his own countrymen. I tipped him liberally and as I watched his wretched figure disappear proudly amidst the crowds of copper-colored porters and street idlers, I achieved a dim understanding of some aspects of the Monroe Doctrine.

Perhaps I comprehended better the clash of the two cultures the following evening in the Plaza. While a military band discoursed operatic airs, the flower of the town's youth paraded around the kiosk. The *serenata*! This stubborn survival of an old Mexican custom was quite charming. The women moved slowly and leisurely in counter-clockwise direction along the curbing, the men clockwise on the inside. What matter that beauty was clad in models from New York and that the *caballeros* were garbed in American hand-me-downs; it had, nevertheless, a flavor of old Mexico before the invasion of Yankee commerce. Occasionally a youth would stop and present a maiden with a flower and here and there an affianced couple walked together. When a girl was fatigued or bored, she left the line to return to her parents who were generally seated in parked autos at the curb. Here the courtesy and courtship of old Castile defied the menace of Detroit.

I left this entrancing outpost of times gone by the following day. The Rochester drummer accompanied me to the station, cursing out the inefficiency of Mexican rail accommodations because the trains ran but three times a week on this line. He made other commentaries on Mazatlan and its inhabitants even less complimentary. But one parting thrust, one murderous gloat, seemed to me more like a tactical triumph of Yankeeedom over that unchanging *serenata* and its participants—he said, "Well, brother, I made one good deal; I sold the *padre* a flood-light system for the church."

Advent Memento

This I sing now, my former soul,
Is your *Placebo* and the *Dirge*
Of your dead early night. In bitterness
I will recount you all my years, and I will cry
As little swallows cry, and pause,
As doves pause thinking, thinking bitterness
Among the rocks and in recesses of the wall.

My hate is not continued of you dead, and yet
I would not have you come again like Lazarus
To seek with me the residue of my own years:
The wonder I pray is your requiem.

CRAIG LADRIERE.

RAMON LULL

By E. ALLISON PEERS

I AM WRITING these lines at a stone's throw from the shores of the Mediterranean, in the fragrant month of April, which is not spring, but the beginning of summer, and my subject is a Mediterranean mystic and missionary, the seven hundredth anniversary of whose birth is being celebrated this month in Spain—Blessed Ramon Lull.

The *Beat Ramon*, as he is affectionately termed by the people of Catalonia and Majorca, was born in Majorca a few years after its conquest by James I of Aragon from the Moors. As a boy and a young man he moved in the highest circles, and was seneschal to the King when a heavenly vision, to which, like Saint Paul, he was not disobedient, altered the whole course of his life and led him to embrace the vocation of evangelist, with the object, above all else, of converting the Moors in his own native island and in other parts of the world.

Essentially a practical man, he at once set to work to learn Arabic, and, acquiring a Moorish slave, who acted as his teacher, spent no less than nine years in the study of Arabic, Latin and philosophy. He was already forty when he began his life-work, and almost forty years more were to pass before he was stoned to death by the Moors in North Africa. The long period of his apostolate may as fairly be likened to that of Saint Paul's as may the incident which led to his conversion. Roaming from one place to another—Italy, Algeria, Tunis, Cyprus, Armenia and other places which we can only conjecture—he suffered indignities and hardships innumerable: the story of his life, from beginning to end, is one of romantic vicissitude and adventure.

Nor did his activities consist entirely in missionary journeys. Struck with the inefficiency of the mediaeval missionary, he conceived the notion of founding a college for the teaching of Oriental languages, for the site of which he chose one of the loveliest spots on which any place of learning has been built. Miramar, in northwest Majorca, is, as its name suggests, in full view of the sea, whose azure is set off by wide sweeps of silver-grey olive groves and enhanced by dark overhanging pines. We know little of the history of the college, save that at its foundation thirteen Friars lived in it, their maintenance being provided by the son of Lull's former royal master. The college did not survive Lull's lifetime, though at first it won great fame.

It is not, however, so much for Ramon Lull's evangelical and scholastic labors that his seventh centenary is being kept in Spain with such fervor, as on account of a small group of his writings. Like many mediaeval authors, he assayed an encyclopedic range; and numerous Latin tomes bearing his name and dealing with philosophy, scholastic theology and various branches of the secular sciences may be taken from their dusty shelves in Spanish libraries. His fame, nevertheless, and (as some believe) his immortality, depend upon none of these. Half-a-dozen works in his own native language have been translated (many of

them in recent years) into half-a-dozen languages and these have given him a universality of which probably few would have dreamed for him.

The best known of them is "Blanquerna," a mediaeval romance which has been translated into English and deals with the life of a young man who is probably in many respects a portrait of Lull himself. Incorporated in the romance are two shorter works which have been published separately, "The Art of Contemplation," a short guide to mental prayer, and the "Book of the Lover and the Beloved," a collection of 365 brief paragraphs, full of poetry and full too of the ardor of Divine love which was later to inspire generations of the great sixteenth-century Spanish mystics.

All of the mystic's art is in this little book. His desire for union with God; his passage to the unitive life through the ways of purgation and illumination; his periods of passivity and refreshment; his paradoxical attitude (as it seems to those who know nothing of his life) to the world around him: "The Lover was all alone, in the shade of a fair tree. Men passed by that place and asked him why he was alone. And the Lover answered: 'I am alone, now that I have seen you and heard you; until now, I was in the company of my Beloved.'"

And above all we glimpse the motive force of the mystic—in his unquenchable love: "O ye that love, he cries, if ye would have fire, come light your lanterns at my heart. If ye would have tears, come to my eyes whence flow the tears in streams. If ye would have thoughts of love, come gather them from my meditations."

It is not surprising that such a man became a fervent follower of Saint Francis of Assisi: he was, in fact, a Franciscan tertiary. Beatified by Leo X, his Office and Mass were sanctioned in his native Majorca, and Pius IX extended this sanction to the whole Franciscan Order. Visitors to Majorca will naturally visit the beautiful retreat of Miramar, but they should not neglect also to see Mount Randa, near Palma, where the *Beatus* lived in solitude before beginning his life-work. On Randa's austere summit they will find a true Franciscan welcome.

I Am Thy Violin

I am Thy violin; . . . and Thou the player;
And oh! the music that thy fierce wind flings,
Voicing within my soul, as if to slay her,
The infinite sadness of human things;

Is it the cry of souls, wild with God-hunger?
Is it the cry of God, the world's outcast?
Almighty lover, who with grief and anger,
Shatters men's hearts with His invading blast.

I wake at night to hear its infinite pleading,
My heart strings tremble with the love exceeding
That fain would force on man divinest bliss;

And when I rise to see His glorious morning,
There breathes the zephyr of God's splendor dawning
And my heart breaks to feel His kiss; His kiss.

H. H. S.

COMMUNICATIONS CONCERNING GREGORIAN CHANT

Toledo, Ohio.

TO the Editor: I trust that this new comment will not appear to be lacking in reverence to the venerable Father Bonvin, who for so many years has worked for the cause of good church music with a zeal and fervor which many a young musician and priest could well emulate. I read his article, "Concerning Gregorian Chant" in *THE COMMONWEAL* of April 26, and though it is stimulating, and vigorously written, I find myself disagreeing with a great deal of it and coming back to the opinion I recently expressed that people expect too much of the chant and fail, either through lack of knowledge or because of prejudice for other forms of music, to appreciate its simplicity, its appropriateness and its befittingness in our venerable and beautiful liturgy.

Father Bonvin's article aims to offer a practical solution to the puzzle concerning the general attitude toward Gregorian Chant. His solution is concerned with the chant itself and its accompaniment, and in such a way as I would consider in the main to be rather prejudicial than beneficial to the Gregorian cause. In returning to my own recent article, in which Father Bonvin finds "the intellectual appreciation of the beautiful stressed, in opposition to the sensible pleasure" element, it was not my intention to minimize the sensible beauty of the plainsong melodies, but rather to point out how the intellectual element in the discernment of the beautiful is so often forgotten, misunderstood or completely ignored. What really educated and cultured man would think of calling beautiful that which many today accept as the apotheosis of the beautiful? Here is an aesthetic problem which has its own practical importance and which may be referred to and emphasized with value in discussing any of the arts.

The six factors indicated by Father Bonvin as making the appreciation of the chant difficult are interesting to examine and yet, after studying them attentively, I have come to the conclusion that a solution to the Gregorian problem cannot be effected along the lines indicated by Father Bonvin, who, I know, will not be displeased with my frank expression of disagreement even if he is dissatisfied with my reasons, which I hasten to explain.

As regards the first factor, it is certainly true that the ancient tonalities are rather foreign to our modern tonalities, but it would scarcely whet one's appetite for the ancient modes to be introduced to those parts of the ecclesiastical musical repertoire which are scarcely Gregorian at all. This is, however, but a difference in the method of approach. For myself, I should rather see a beginning made with simple pieces of distinctly Gregorian tonality.

For the second factor, I am not at all sure that a rich polyphonic or harmonic accompaniment improves the chant. I have never heard laymen sing the chant any more beautifully than a small group of adult singers in the Sistine Choir, chanting certain parts of the Proper of the Mass unaccompanied. Their singing seemed to be a substantial undisturbed prayer. At Solesmes where Com-

pline is always sung without accompaniment, this part of the Divine Office has always impressed me more than Vespers, when accompaniment is used. In fact with a choir, thoroughly trained and able to give the chant its proper rhythm and rendition, I personally should be rather inclined "to give in to the historical and archaic claim of certain Gregorianists who would deprive the chant of organ accompaniment." In fact I would not hesitate to say with Dom Hébert Desrocquettes, O.S.B., that "l'art grégorien n'est vraiment lui-même que lorsque la mélodie se fait entendre sans accompagnement." The organ accompaniment, however, united perfectly with the Gregorian melody, is another art, and in the majority of cases, because of the exigencies and habits of modern times, will be used with care and discerning method.

As regards the third factor of Father Bonvin's. Theoretically, I should be rather inclined to agree that only those pieces of the chant are to be used which have real merit, except it were for the fact that the norm for decision is so subjective. And while the chant repertoire is certainly not all on the same plane of perfection, the gradual development itself of the liturgical chant books eliminated what was most trivial or commonplace. It is at least a tradition and very probably an historical fact that Gregory the Great excluded many mere ordinary melodies, retaining what his own excellent musicianship and that of his counselors judged to be truly worthy of the Church's service. I suppose Gregory the Great was not inspired in the dogmatic sense of "inspiration," but I quote a paragraph from Cardinal Schuster's "Sacramentary" with no intention at all of being facetious. "In the later middle ages there was a widely spread custom at the opening of the liturgical year, of singing certain verses before the Introit in honor of Saint Gregory the Great, the inspired compiler of the Antiphonarium which bears his name: Sanctissimus namque Gregorius cum prices effunderet ad Dominum, ut musicum tonum ei desuper in carminibus dedesset; tunc descendit Spiritus Sanctus super eum in specie columbae, et illustravit cor ejus. Et sic demum exorsus est canere ita dicendo. Ad te levavi, etc."

For the fourth factor, an improperly trained choir cannot of course do justice to the chant, but it has been my observation that even the choir well trained in the singing of the chant, does not seem to be greatly appreciated by the people in the pews, nor frequently by the priests in the sanctuary. The properly formed choir may be relatively more appreciated, but any enthusiasm which it may arouse is rather faint and feeble. The imperfect efforts of some choirs may do much harm to an appreciation of the chant, but I am not certain that the painstaking efforts of a well trained choir accomplish much good. And again, I believe the reason is a failure on the part of the many properly to evaluate the relation of the chant to its setting and its quite logical fitting into the liturgy, that "sacred poem" in the making of which *ha posto mano e cielo e terra*.

Father Bonvin's fifth factor is not only true, but it reads like a truism. Any plainsong which is presented in the arhythmic state described in the article could not be Gregorian Chant. There may be some differences of opinion about the nature of the rhythm, but there is quite

a consensus of conviction, growing well toward unanimity that the rhythmic editions of the Solesmes monks offer a reading of the chant quite as it was sung in its golden age. The singing of the monks at Farnborough, at Solesmes, of the students of the Pontifical School of Music at Rome, to which the learned Padre de Santis, S. J., contributed so much, of the Pius X School of Music in New York, reveals a rhythm definite and easily followed, not at all arhythmic, but based on the rock bottom foundation of language itself. It is most certainly true that many choirs do not sing the chant properly rhythimized, but the rules for giving the chant its proper rhythm are not very complex. Groups of children carefully trained find them perfectly understandable and capable of being reproduced in their own child singing. The chant, of course, must be rhythimized according to its original principles, but even with this accomplished, there is still something more to be done, the work of education, a part of the liturgical revival, which must go on in strength and vigor.

For the last factor, any accompaniment that "becomes a merely disturbing acoustical feature" is of course inartistic. I think however that Father Bonvin will be prepared for my assertion that there is quite a growing satisfaction with the theories of accompaniment as developed by musicians like Henri Potiron and Dom Desrocquettes of Solesmes. "Its work [that of the accompaniment] consists in the translation and transposition of the slightest rhythmic and modal fluctuations of the melody, and if possible of the nuances of its style. And when the chant and accompaniment are thus realized, united to each other, they form one true whole. . . . They must listen to each other, so as to advance ensemble, but if the chant is what it ought to be, it is of the nature of the accompaniment to accept its duty of following the chant, the details of which it must reflect and underline" (*Révue Grégorienne*, March-April, 1925, page 63).

Whatever these differences of opinion on the chant may be, and it may require the authoritative voice of the Church to settle them, they do indicate interest in the Gregorian heritage and its restoration. It was particularly gratifying at the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin last June to notice the quite extraordinary interest in the singing of the chant. Priests, seminarians and lay folk in large numbers had with them their Graduale or Liber Usualis and followed the choir singing various parts of the Mass. We shall be on firmer ground when all our choir singers in all our churches commence to know what a Graduale or a Liber Usualis or an Antiphonale are. I am inclined to think that right now they are almost as foreign to the majority as the Breviary or the Roman Ritual.

IGNATIUS KELLY.

Jersey City, N. J.

TO the Editor: Occasional articles and communications in your pages concerning Gregorian Chant, indicate a keen interest on the part of both the staff and readers in liturgical music. Hence the following:

Recently I chanced to visit St. Michael's Monastery Church (Passionist Fathers) in Union City, New Jersey.

I intended it to be but a brief visit, but was rewarded by the most delightful program of liturgical music I have yet heard in this country. I am so amazed and so charmed by what I heard that I desire to share my great "find" with your readers.

I happened along just in time for a solemn Mass. It was the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, and as I later learned, the patronal feast of the Passionist Order. This is what I found:

A chancel choir! All the singing was done from the sanctuary, accompanied by a small reed organ placed behind the altar. (The entire Proper was *a cappella*.) The choir was composed entirely of Passionist religious, seminarians I believe. And how they sang! Talk about emasculated plainchant! It was simply throbbing with virility, and yet no harshness, no stridency! And perfect Solesmes rhythm! They sang the Missa de Angelis, which I have heard torn and mutilated by amateur choirs for the past twenty years. But as they sang it, it was something new, something of beauty, it was prayer!

The most glorious thing of all was the Gradual and Alleluia. The Gradual for the feast was the "Christus factus est." This was sung without any accompaniment, and never have I been so gripped by Gregorian before. It thrilled me! Perhaps because sung by Passionists they put some of their love of the Passion into it. It was a glorious rise and fall of melody that throbbed! One sensed the timelessness of the Passion, and the triumph of the Crucified. And then the magnificent sweep of the Alleluia; the lingering sweetness of the "Dulce lignum, Dulces clavos, Dulcia ferens pondera." But you must hear it to appreciate all I would convey.

Now I'll be candid. I'm not a "Gregorianist." I've always maintained that the vaunted beauty of the Graduals was entirely subjective, and not adaptable to Americans. But I've been wrong! As usual the Church is the best judge of beauty. It can be sung and appreciated. I've heard it sung by twenty Passionists and the memory of it will linger the rest of my life. Unfortunately I don't live here but am merely a transient, and cannot remain to have the pleasure of more of this singing. But I want to let others know of the treat so near them.

Why am I writing all this? Partly as a protest. I think it a shame that so splendid a choir should be utterly unknown, and sing in an empty church (at least on the day I was there). I know that the humility of the good Passionists will be shocked at all this, but I think our Catholic music lovers and lovers of liturgical prayer have a right to know of this splendid choir.

It is inspiring to know that there is a group of young men willing to put the hard work into preparation which was evidenced by their singing, feeling that they will receive no human commendation for their efforts; and I think we are bound to commend them. The Passionist Fathers deserve great praise for the noble work they are doing. I don't know who is responsible for the splendid program I heard, but this I do know, he is doing a noble work and doing it splendidly! May his efforts receive some of the recognition they so well deserve!

CLARENCE J. MCGRAUGH.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

As Thousands Cheer

THE PROCESS of drubbing the great, the pseudo-great and the would-be-great goes merrily on. In the days of Gilbert and Sullivan it was done indirectly and with infinite subtlety. In the days when Will Rogers used to swing his rope and chew his gum in the Ziegfeld Follies, it was done directly but also with subtlety. Since the advent, last year, of that uproarious affair, "Of Thee I Sing," it is being done directly and with less and less subtlety. The most recent collaboration of Irving Berlin and Moss Hart has resulted in a review called "As Thousands Cheer," which, because of its lack of subtlety, cannot for a moment be compared with the satire of a lustier and wittier era. It must be allowed to stand on its own feet as an excursion into verbal clowning of pretty low order, funny, for the most part, but rarely witty, and at times too obvious to be even funny.

The general method of the review is excellent and novel. The curtain is made up of countless glaring headlines. Across the center of this curtain, before each act, is thrown the particular headline which prompted the next number. Number one, for example, screams: "Franklin D. Roosevelt Inaugurated Tomorrow." As the curtain goes up, we are then treated to a view of the interior of the White House, with Mr. and Mrs. Hoover packing their belongings for the long trek to Palo Alto. Number two headline blares forth: "Woolworth Declares Regular Dividend—Barbara Hutton to Wed Prince Mdivani." Number four tells us that Joan Crawford is to divorce Douglas Fairbanks, jr., and then shows us the efforts of Will Hays to make this one of the most respectable and delightful divorces of the screen colony. Later on the headlines roar: "World's Wealthiest Man Celebrates 94th Birthday," and the scene reveals the embarrassment of John D. Rockefeller, jr., in presenting his non-real-estate-minded father with Radio City as a most annoying birthday present. From which samples or examples of the general fare it ought to be evident that Messrs. Hart and Berlin are no base respecters of persons or privacy. Mahatma Gandhi, the British royal family, the debt envoys to the United States, Noel Coward, Josephine Baker and Aimée Semple MacPherson are among the other notables set up as targets.

Those parts of the review not given over to hilarious ridicule are occupied chiefly with the inimitable singing of Ethel Waters and with some elaborately disgusting dances by the Weidman Dancers. The misuse of the technique of artistry as a vehicle for the grossly erotic is one of the major sins against art itself.

In my opinion, which is quite evidently a minority one, the review number which goes farthest beyond mere lively slapstick is the one entitled "Green Pastures Starts Third Road Season," in which an obscure member of the heavenly cast has become convinced that his home life should be spent in rehearsing Hamlet in full costume. In the White House scene, the poor Hoovers are given a

merciless beating concerning matters not particularly characteristic. There is nothing in the scene to approach that immortal cartoon in the *New Yorker* of President Coolidge refusing to leave the White House until his missing rubber is found. It has always seemed to me that in such efforts true wit and humor must be tempered with a touch of charitable insight, and must be so fashioned that even the victim might reap an embarrassed laugh from it. Messrs. Hart and Berlin have gone in for something so nearly cruel in many of their numbers as to leave a slightly fuzzy taste. This would be all the more pronounced if it were not for the quite brilliant impersonations of Clifton Webb, Helen Broderick and Leslie Adams. Mr. Webb's breath-taking transition from the aged Rockefeller to the emaciated Gandhi is one of the truly astonishing events of the theatre. Mr. Adams does a Ramsay MacDonald that might deceive even President Roosevelt, and Miss Broderick's Queen Mary might puzzle the guards at Buckingham Palace itself. Marilyn Miller also departs from being her charming self just long enough to make us certain that Joan Crawford and Lynn Fontanne have crashed the show in person.

It would be ungracious not to mention quite by itself a number called Rotogravure Section which shows Mr. Webb and Miss Miller as part of the Fifth Avenue parade on an Easter long ago. Pictorially, the scene is like a lovely old print. Those who have suffered agonies from radio announcers will also welcome with glee a scene of the Metropolitan Opera being broadcast under the auspices of a French sauce manufacturer, with the announcer and his aides doing their best to drown out the strains of "Rigoletto" from the distant stage. (At the Music Box Theatre.)

Hold Your Horses

JOE COOK is at it again, inventing more of his delirious machines, and providing a one-man band entertainment against the background of a none too brilliant musical show. As Broadway Joe, a cab driver who runs for mayor, praises his opponent and gets elected, Mr. Cook does not have to bother himself much with serious dramatics. But as the proprietor of a cab horse run by steam and of a cab that contains every housekeeping device, and of a machine that dunks the patient Dave Chasen in a tank of water every time Mr. Cook plays the violin, he has his hands full of enough pleasing nonsense to keep an audience laughing for several half-hour periods.

In the prevailing mood of reviving everything Victorian as a prelude to the annihilation of the Eighteenth Amendment, most of the helter-skelter scenes are laid in the famous places of old New York. The effect is thoroughly pleasing, even if the reason for all the scenes is not quite apparent. The old Rectors, the old Waldorf, the opening of the first subway, a few dives in the Bowery, are among the memories exhumed for the benefit of the bald heads. But the show stands or falls with Joe Cook and what you think of him, and emerges into real delight whenever the lovely Harriet Hctor has the stage to herself for one of those dances which only she can create—something half way between a wave and a zephyr. (At the Winter Garden.)

BOOKS

Youth Right and Wrong

Careers Ahead, by Joseph Cottler and Harold Brecht. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

The Adolescent Boy, by Winifred V. Richmond, Ph.D. New York: Farrar and Rhinehart. \$2.50.

Juvenile Delinquency, by Walter C. Reckless and Mapheus Smith. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$3.50.

THE STUDY of youth in all its aspects interests more today than at any other time in the past. The result is a great number of books a few of which deserve special attention.

"Careers Ahead," written to facilitate an answer to the question "What after school?", is not just one of many books on vocational information; it has charms of its own. About seventy occupations are grouped under the headings of the mechanically, artistically, social and nature minded. The different treatises, although not exhaustive, are sufficiently suggestive and interestingly written. Both authors are high school teachers and are already favorably known as writers. In addition, Joseph Cottler is a talented musician and Harold Brecht was a newspaper man. "Careers Ahead" is a happy fruit of their many-sidedness. The book is well made and beautifully illustrated by twenty-six full-page aquatone photographs. Boys and girls alike will enjoy its reading. Since the volume is not intended for use as a text-book, bibliographies have wisely been omitted.

"The Adolescent Boy" is mostly sex-psychology based on personal experiences and cases that confronted Dr. Richards in her work as a member of the staff of St. Elizabeth's Government Hospital in Washington, D. C. The author endeavors to integrate the more important facts regarding the mind and body of boys. For this purpose, she views the adolescent in his physical problems and mental deficiencies and abnormalities. Having touched upon the delinquent boy, the author turns to normal youth, his problems, education and status in a changing world. The book is written in popular style and is intended for teachers and parents to whom it should appeal. However, the first chapter dealing with the adolescent in history is fragmentary and some of the interpretations of the author are not generally accepted. The examples from the lives of primitive peoples do not present steps upward from a still lower civilization, but steps downward from natural righteousness. Although the bibliography is short, it is strange that a book like Dr. Kirsch's "Sex Education and Training," expressing the views and tenets of 350,000,000 Christians, is not included. Otherwise, the book is a good summary of what pertains to adolescents and will prove to be of service to all who are interested in the growing boy.

"Juvenile Delinquency" is one of the volumes of the McGraw-Hill publications in sociology. It is in conformity with the generally high standards of this series. The matter treated is that usually found in books on this topic. The authors consider situations the predetermining causes

of delinquency whilst maintaining the multiplicity of causes which is generally accepted today. But, the statement that "mediaeval theories should be ruled out" is not supported by facts. Much statistical and case matter is presented and most of it is interesting as well as informative. The chapters on "Truancy" and "School Maladjustment" are very good. The study of causation of crime shows the normal combination of causes that produce social situations liable to elicit crime or moral disorder. The juvenile court, institutions, protective programs and the results of treatment find consideration, and three typical cases are presented in as many appendices. Whether the case method, here and there applied, is the best method, remains problematical. It seems to the reviewer that a study of normal and especially of superior youth would contribute more to an effective combat of delinquency than the investigation of those who are of an inferior quality. It has been established beyond doubt, that juveniles who enjoy, besides the natural protection and safeguards, the help of supernatural means do not easily fall among the delinquents. This may sound mediaeval, but in reality it is more modern than many theories advanced today. Whilst not approving every statement found in the book, the volume is worthy of recommendation. It will be of special interest to students, educators and librarians.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

Where All Paths Lead

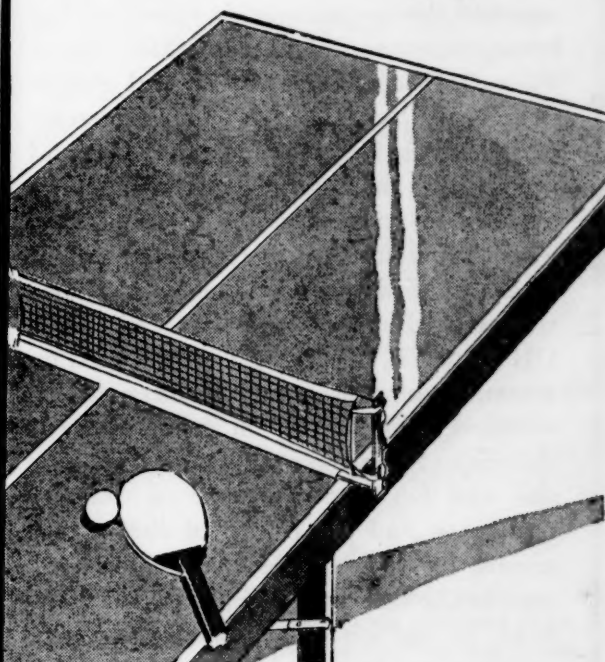
Romewards, by C. J. Eustace. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.25.

THIS is not the record of a conversion, though the author is a convert. The title, however, expresses the main thought of the book, namely that the world in the present conflict and chaos may find the solution of its difficulties by turning Romewards. The work is strictly apologetic in character and covers a wide range of subjects. All of these subjects are matters on which Catholics are constantly brought into conflict with hostile opinion and frequently called on for information. Though the book is apologetic, it is in no way technical. Subjects of the most recondite and abstruse character are dealt with in the language and from the point of view of men to whom these subjects are not mere topics of speculative interest but matters of actual every-day concern. Though its central theme is the justification of the Catholic position in the face of divergent and hostile opinion, the book makes no pretense at being a systematic treatise on Catholic apologetics.

Commencing with the philosophic problem of the possibility of arriving at a knowledge of fundamental religious truth through the exercise of the reason, the author goes on to discuss the manner in which the findings of reason are supplemented and confirmed by the truths of revelation. The meaning and significance of civilization as revealed in its history is a confirmation of the universal need men feel to seek after God, and a demonstration that there can be no permanence in any civilization unless its purposes are identified with the true religion. The foundation idea of the book is the need for religion, and

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NEXT WEEK

THE NEW POLITICS, by Elmer Murphy, a trenchant and persuasive writer, describes the emergence of a new outlook with a new vocabulary for our statesmen and politicians. The word "social" that used to signify principally teas and dances and similar activities, has become the modern shibboleth. "Social values," "social balance," "social obligations" and "social ideals" strew present-day speeches, he finds, and economics and politics are thereby wedded. This is an exploration into ideas by a man who, while appreciating the motive power of ideas, can distinguish dreaming from effective thought . . . RETURN OF THE DIPLOMAT, by Henry Carter, based on a number of years study of international relations, including seven years with the American Department of State, traces the rise and fall since the war of amateur diplomats, and the return of career men trained by a lifetime of study and experience in the delicacies of international relations, to the job of negotiating for their countries not in a single grand conference, but steadily, day after day . . . AMONG THE MILK FARMERS, by Robert Whitcomb, is a lively narrative of a modern farm family and community rebelling like the embattled farmers of 1775 . . . MR. CHRISTOPHER DAWSON, by E. I. Watkins, gives a glimpse of Dawson's formative years and traces the thought of his principal works. By his contribution to sociology and cultural history Mr. Dawson is a commanding figure in the renaissance of Catholic influence on contemporary life . . . THE COLLEGE POETRY SOCIETY, by Theodore Maynard, and LASKI, by Marguerite Wrzesien, tell charmingly of practical, successful works for relieving blindness.

on this the author rests his investigation of the manner in which modern thought and modern science may not only be reconciled with the teachings of the Church but made to strengthen and to confirm them. There is a short but comprehensive study of the character and the findings of many of the modern sciences and their relation to revealed truth. The author discusses the achievements and the contributions of physics, chemistry, astronomy, biology, psychology, anthropology, geology, history and philosophy as they are brought into relation with the principles and the teachings of the Catholic Church. These sciences have changed the modern outlook and in the concluding chapters an attempt is made to set forth the significance of revealed religion in a world immersed in secular thought and pursuits. The author essays successfully to point out the relationship between literature and religion and to define the place which the Catholic and the Catholic Church should hold in the modern world.

The work is comprehensive and on the topics which are discussed it is fairly exhaustive. As there is no thought that the book should be either technical or scientific, it would be unfair to expect it to meet all the exacting requirements of modern theological or historical science. There are in it a good many statements to which the technically minded may take exception, but, in general, there can be no doubt but that it will serve a very useful purpose. The style, which in places is not without blemish, is lively and clear, and better suited to the needs of the average reader than the labored phraseology of the specialist. That it has already met with the approval of discriminating readers is shown by the fact that it was a Catholic Book Club selection.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

Light on Lenin

Memories of Lenin, by Nadezda K. Krupskaya; Volume II. New York: International Publishers. \$1.50.

THIS is the second volume of the very interesting "Memories" of her husband written by Lenin's widow; the first having been reviewed in these columns. A Russian will find its description of the revolutionary movement in his country absorbing; but for those who have not seen this movement grow under their eyes, it is rather confusing in its many details, heavy style, and lack of coördination in its presentation of facts. There is too much revolution and too little humanity in the book, which is so abstract that it is difficult to follow the thread of the story. However, one finds in it a great deal which was not generally known abroad, and an explanation of the success of the Russian Revolution. This was due to its excellent organization, and its careful preparation during long years. Whatever reproaches the Bolsheviks deserve, Krupskaya's book conclusively proves that lack of intelligence cannot be included among them.

It is curious that, in spite of its numerous spies, the Russian government was so badly informed concerning the growing dissatisfaction throughout Russia, and the ever-increasing unpopularity of the czarist régime. Perhaps it would not believe in the possibility of being over-

thrown. The fact remains that it was not the World War which brought about the fall of the Romanoff dynasty, but on the contrary, it delayed it for three years. Had it not been for the war, a revolution, which the army would have refused to crush, would have broken out during the autumn of 1914. The strikes in June and July of that year, during which one saw barricades for the first time in the streets of St. Petersburg, were its beginning, and an insurrection would have broken out simultaneously in all the big cities of the Russian Empire during the following August, had not war with Germany unexpectedly started. This war checked for a time the growing rebellion in the realm of the czars. "It raised the most important problems of the revolutionary struggle in a new and sharper form; it brought out the whole of the proletariat as the leader of all the toilers, and made its victory or defeat a question of life or death for Russia.

Krupskaya's book tells all this, and unfortunately gives more attention to it than to the task of making us more intimately acquainted with Lenin himself. There is too much Leninism, and not enough of Lenin in its pages.

The book ends with the triumph of the Bolsheviks in November, 1917, and with the appointment of Lenin as chairman of the Council of People's Commissars in the Soviet of Workers and Soldiers Deputies, and it is to be hoped that a third volume will tell us something of his activity as head of the government of his country.

Krupskaya tells us of the Bolsheviks that they "were very little concerned with what the world thought about them. They considered it their duty to spread revolutionary propaganda in Russia, and set as the aim of their activities the achievement of the victorious proletarian revolution." One can only admire her for the candor of this avowal, and its artlessness compels us to believe her when she says that Lenin never received one cent of German money as a reward for his revolutionary activities.

If a reader is sufficiently patient to read this interesting book with attention, he will obtain an excellent view not only of the Russian Revolution, but of the means by which it was brought about and finally won. The Bolsheviks won because they were the only people in Russia who knew what they wanted, and they had a program ready to be enforced at the time their opponents were helplessly drifting.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Leaves for the Laureate

John Masefield, by Gilbert Thomas. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

THE APPOINTMENT of Mr. Masefield to the Poet Laureateship of England three years ago met with rather general approval. The gesture seemed commensurate with the poet's achievement and his undeniable influence on his own generation. There was also a peculiar fitness in the Labor government's choice of a poet of the people.

What little protest greeted the announcement of the new Laureate came mainly from two sources: those

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whom Mr. Thomas describes as the "aesthetic school," principally followers of the late Dr. Bridges, on the one hand, and, on the other, the "intelligentsia" under the aegis of Mr. T. S. Eliot. The former bitterly denounced Mr. Masefield as a revolutionary whose "realism" was shocking to the memory of his predecessor, while the opposing school took a directly antithetical view—that he was "antideluvian," the belated mouthpiece of an era now dead and never particularly vital.

Mr. Thomas has apparently written his book with these criticisms in mind. In his close analysis of the poet's work and method he demonstrates the fallacy of both attacks, while admitting certain basic premises of each. Mr. Masefield, he feels, is the most traditional and the least orthodox of living English poets (barring, of course, the experimentalists of the extreme Left wing). He is traditional in his almost overweening admiration for the past of his race, his deep reverence for those qualities, particularly of a spiritual nature, which have lent glory to English history. His closest contact, however, is with the common man whose roots are deep in the soil of the country (or fast to the decks of her ships). If by this intimate contact with life sometimes at its barest is meant "realism" then Mr. Masefield is indeed a realist. At the same time it is difficult to reconcile this kinship with actuality with the idea of being antiquated.

Mr. Thomas's study is certainly not without bias. Nevertheless he makes an effort to keep his own admiration for his subject from obscuring judgment, and if he tends to underestimate certain defects, one can scarcely accuse him of being blind to them.

FRANK WOLLENCOTT BARNES.

In Rural England

Gypsy Wagon, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

FLOAT COTTAGE leaked. Whenever the rain fell, Ivy had to run to place pans under the drip. To judge by the ancient patches on the walls it had probably leaked through most of the two hundred years it had stood, and during most of that time the Sindens who lived there had been plowmen on Float Farm. But when Fred Sinden inherited his father's plow and married Ivy, Sussex farmers had begun to realize that they could no longer compete with Russian and Canadian and Roumanian wheat; more and more land went back to grass and 1930 saw Float Farm sold at auction to be cut up into bungalow sites while Float Cottage, its timbers bared, was rechristened Ye Olde Wayes. Sinden, suddenly divorced from the soil that had bred him, faced the ugly reality of no work and no shelter for his wife and children. The prosperity that the eighteenth century had brought the squires when corn and hops covered the valleys and hillsides, was vanished; the yeomen farmers admitted defeat but the plowman, once uprooted, found a new furrow for himself when he bought a caravan from the gypsies and discovered economic independence in mobile labor. Picking fruit for the canners and hops for the brewers, while his wife did

some peddling, meant higher wages and no rent; and when the squire offered him a plowman's job again and a semi-detached cottage, Fred refused it. In a century of change his wagon was his pledge of security.

Written with the same honesty and homely glow that characterized "Joanna Godden," "Gypsy Wagon" is not only a good story but a vivid study of the dissolution of agrarian England. The shortage of small cottages is emphasized in the description of the Camp Colony in a philanthropic farmer's field in Kent, where the Sindens spent their first winter and where habitations varied from the spaciousness of a retired railway carriage to the rat-catcher's tent and the little spinsters who tried to preserve their gentility in a broken-down Ford coupé. Miss Kaye-Smith draws her plowman with more sympathy than her squire. The love idyl of Fred and Ivy is as wholesome and satisfying as her Sussex landscape. How Ivy was betrayed by her sympathy for the lodger when he had all his teeth pulled out is unique. But, though Fred solved his own problem temporarily, his story is a challenge. Must England watch the race of Piers the Plowman become extinct?

EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSLAER WYATT.

Birth of a Nation

Italy in the Making, 1815 to 1846, by G. F. H. Berkeley. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.25.

MR. BERKELEY'S discussion of one of the most consequential chapters in modern history, the unification of Italy, is a brilliant promise which he ought to fulfil soon. The volume under review is merely a preface to that epic of the birth of a nation, fragmentary and at times too didactic in its conscious effort to be an impartial and honest record of the drama in which Pius IX and Carlo Alberto were to become the protagonists. The reader regrets that the author limited his scope to a portrayal of characters and events in the Papal State and Piedmont; to be sure, the weightiest episodes of the imbroglio took place in those two states; none the less, the gap is felt, and the picture remains incomplete. For the onward march of the *Risorgimento* in Tuscany, in Naples and Sicily is relevant, and one wishes the author had devoted to it at least a brief chapter.

But within its limitations, the volume is admirable in its objectivity and discretion which are seldom met with in other historians of the period. In this poignant story of ten states being welded into a powerful nation by the determinate and purposeful efforts of the House of Savoy, light and shadow are distributed with a masterful hand; the author is not biased in any sense; Metternich and Carlo Alberto and the papal government are judged with the same fairness as are Mazzini and Gioberti. The narrator's tone is dispassionate; it quivers with emotion only when analyzing Carlo Alberto's Hamlet-like character, and Pio Nono's election. Mr. Berkeley has fully succeeded in brushing a clear picture of the main lines of the development of the *Risorgimento*; it is to be hoped that this splendid start will soon be followed by a sequel.

ARPAD STEINER.

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The author has been a lifetime student of Newman, having been associated with the work of the Newman Clubs at the Universities of Texas, Columbia, and Illinois. He was Catholic Professor and Associate Administrative Director of the School of Religion of the University of Iowa, and a member of the faculty of Teachers College, Columbia.

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Briefer Mention

Ballads of Square-toed Americans, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

THE ADMIRABLE qualities of the New Englander are celebrated by Mr. Coffin here in verse that has the same stalwart sense of responsibility and self-sufficiency and the same pithy language of his subjects. It is clean-cut and competent, with dry, and sometimes caustic, humor. Principally it deals with antiques, another New England characteristic. It is proud of ancestors when they were farmers and sailors and trappers and the country was wild and unspoiled and a new continent stretched westward. Though predominantly terse and matter of fact, his ballad form frequently has the true ballad swing and his imagery unexpectedly soars with the strange, visionary fervor of simple people who are Old Testament readers. Altogether, here is much virile, salty stuff.

The Redemption Play, by J. C. McMullen. Boston: Walter H. Baker Company.

MR. McMULLEN divides his play into three convergent parts, "Christ's Birth and Boyhood," "Christ's Passion and Death," "Christ's Resurrection and Triumph," each part significant as a one-act play, yet completing the cycle of a full-length Passion Play that not only concerns Christ's Passion but events preceding it and issuing from it. Three acts contain scenes and tableaux, some of the latter following such famous pictures as Hoffman's "Agony in the Garden." The characters are numerous, some of them refreshingly new, as Crispus, keeper of the Upper Room, and Cassius, a Roman soldier. The dialogue is poignant, often carrying quotations. A preface by Cecilia Mary Young reviews religious drama.

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